

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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### Foreign Affairs

**A** LEAGUE of Nations Committee is still striving as we write to devise a plan which will combine arbitration, security, and disarmament, and outlaw war. Once more the greatest obstacle to agreement is the question: What shall be done to the nation which refuses to submit its dispute to arbitration? Article 16 of the existing Covenant of the League of Nations obligated the other members of the League, in such a case, to sever all relations with the covenant-breaking state and contemplated the possibility of military action against such a state. Hitherto there has never been a case in which action has been taken under Article 16, although it will scarcely be contended that occasions have not arisen for its application. When Dr. Benes therefore proposes that this clause should still be regarded as binding, and that it should be reinforced by allowing the Council of the League to reach binding decisions by a majority vote, we fear that his plan is based upon a delusive hope. The scheme does not put an end to private military and naval alliances, which are contemplated as among the legitimate sanctions to be invoked after the League has designated an aggressor. It cannot come into force until it has been accepted by the plenary assembly of the League and the legislative bodies of the various countries concerned. Some of these countries at least will feel reluctant to submit their commercial policy, and perhaps their military policy as well, to a super-state whose decisions shall be made by majority vote of the Council. Even in Great Britain, distrust of the plan is being widely expressed, and it is not improbable that the difficulty about sanctions may prove insurmountable.

**R** EJECTION of the plan, however, is by no means certain; for it embodies certain great advantages. The sanctions proposed, though severe, are only to be invoked against a country designated as an aggressor because it has refused either to submit its dispute to arbitration or to abide by the terms of the arbitrators' award when it has been announced. These are the only circumstances in which a country abiding by its agreement would go to war. If the countries of Europe had made such an agreement a hundred years ago, with the honest intention of keeping it, there can be little doubt that a great many of the wars of the past century would have been averted. It must also be said on behalf of Dr. Benes' plan as it now stands that the whole thing is conditional upon the adoption within a reasonable time of an international agreement with regard to land disarmament. Such an agreement would be a visible symbol of the intention to carry out the agreement and the desire to avoid future wars. Failing this agreement, the signatures of the nations to the present plan would cease to be binding. We think that both Great Britain and Canada are sufficiently desirous of peace to agree that they will accept arbitration by any impartial tribunal rather than go to war. If the other countries are equally willing to sign such an agreement, its ratification without reference to military sanctions, would constitute a step towards peace.

**I** T seems that there is to be no Russian loan after all. The Anglo-Russian treaty confined itself to saying that if the Russian Government could make a composition which would satisfy its British creditors, the British Government would ask Parliament to guarantee a Russian loan of unspecified



amount. Now the Liberals have declared that they will not support such a loan, and, what is even more significant, the City has served notice through various accredited spokesmen that it is not yet ready to have anything to do with a loan to a borrower of such uncertain principles. The prospects are therefore that the loan agreement will be removed from the treaty when it reaches the House of Commons, and perhaps the whole treaty will be rejected. This prospect will be faced with regret by many who, though not Bolsheviks, desire to see the reconstruction of Russia brought about as speedily as possible, for her own sake and for the sake of Europe. The expected disappointment will probably not delay a return to wider commercial intercourse so long as might be feared. Russia's credit will be restored only by slow degrees, as the new Government shows by its acts that it is deserving of credit. It has commenced to repair its reputation; but no one knows how long the process may take. Meanwhile the refusal of a foreign loan may necessitate fresh exports of grain from Russia even in spite of the fact that extensive districts have again been visited by famine. The financiers are showing only what most people would describe as ordinary business prudence; but the results for masses of Russian peasants may well be tragic.

#### Unemployment

THE unemployment conference held at Ottawa on September 3rd or 4th was not a performance to inspire pride in Canadian statesmanship. Representatives of provinces and municipalities from Halifax to Vancouver gathered to consult with the Minister of Labour and the Minister of Public Works on the extent of unemployment and the steps which should be taken to counteract it. Mr. Murdock, who acted as chairman, made a statement which was interpreted as denying that the Federal Government had any responsibility for the situation, and attempting to place responsibility under the B. N. A. Act upon the provincial governments. He repressed attempts to question the Minister of Public Works on Federal construction that might be commenced, and firmly sat on delegates who attempted to raise tariff issues. Representatives of the municipalities, though discomfited at the news that no help was to be expected of the Government, agreed that wherever possible public works already begun should be continued throughout the winter, and new ones already planned should be commenced as soon as possible. It was admitted, however, that where work was done by contract (i. e. in the majority of cases) the contractors and not the municipalities would be in a position to decide whether the work should be done in winter or deferred till spring, and it will be only human and natural for them to choose the

cheaper method. Not much can be expected, therefore, from this resolution. It was agreed that an eight-hour day was desirable on public works, in order to spread the unemployment out more evenly. Finally, it was agreed that if emergency relief should be necessary, a fair and convenient plan would be for the municipalities to contribute half, the provinces a quarter, and the Federal Government a quarter of the sums required. This recommendation will doubtless receive the attention of the governments concerned. The problem of unemployment is not new, and its literature is voluminous; yet all that these representatives could do was to make a little political capital of the situation and formulate some plans for emergency relief. Must unemployment always be regarded as an 'emergency', and must we always defer action until the emergency actually comes? It is a good thing that our methods of dealing with fires and accidents are not so languid and improvident as our treatment of unemployment.

OUR unemployment problem will not be solved so long as the Minister of Labour and his colleagues confine themselves to denials of their responsibility. Nor will the situation be remedied by raising the tariff. Protection does not prevent unemployment in the United States. We should have first a scientific statistical investigation of the data which have now been made available through the employment exchanges. In the light of this investigation it should be possible to prepare a definite plan for unemployment insurance and estimate its cost. Unemployment insurance, though abused as a mere palliative, would be less degrading, more effective, and quite possibly not any more expensive than the emergency doles which we are now preparing to dispense. It should even tend to reduce unemployment by maintaining a more constant demand for goods. We should carefully investigate the possibility of varying the expenditure on public works according to the labour market; we should take advice from the best bankers in the country as to what part they can play in the restoration of business. There is a profitable field of industrial research to find methods by which occupations formerly confined to summer may be economically carried on into winter. The work of the immigration department should be linked with that of the labour department. There is hope in these and in many other suggestions which have been made; but none of them will lead to action until somebody with knowledge of the subject formulates a definite plan and recommends it to the authorities concerned. It may be true that under the B.N.A. Act, nothing can be done without the co-operation of the provinces—but if so, why not prepare a plan and ask them to co-operate? That is how the employment exchanges were established. Let us pray



and vote—if we get the chance—for a Minister of Labour who will recognize the opportunities of his position and who will not be afraid to shoulder the responsibility for proposing a policy.

#### Learning from Our Neighbours

MANY states have thought of a literacy test as one of the tests to be applied before granting citizenship, but it has remained for New York to define exactly how much English an alien is required to understand in order to qualify for the privilege of voting. A list of four thousand English words, selected by a psychologist after lengthy studies as being the most essential, has been incorporated in a new law, and henceforth the alien desirous of naturalization must show that he understands the words in this list. It is not a bad idea. In Winnipeg, Fort William, Toronto, and many other Canadian cities, there are thousands of voters who cannot read the simplest paragraph in either of the official languages of the country. Many, perhaps most of them, can read some other language; but that is not enough to guarantee that they will have even a superficial understanding of the issues before the electors. The fact that they have lived here for years without learning English or French in itself might be taken to indicate that their interest in this country is not very strong, even though we admit as a valid excuse the lack of facilities for foreigners to learn the language. To give the vote, however, to people who have not the means of understanding the issues is to invite many evils.

#### The Prince in America

THE most devout patriots and supporters of monarchy may have found some reason for disquiet in the voluminous reports which have appeared concerning the activities of the Prince of Wales in America, and what Mr. Leacock would call his 'Arcadian Adventures Among the Idle Rich'. The amiable and attractive heir to the British throne is reported to have spent his time in an exhaustive programme of polo, dancing, and hunting, to have chosen as his preferred companions a set of people of whom the majority have nothing to distinguish them except their superfluity of dollars, and to have patronized by his presence a series of entertainments so extravagant as to have surprised even the American newspapers. Many people, both here and in the British Isles, are asking (politely and discreetly) whether it is not time for the Prince, who has now entered his thirties, to find some occupation that may be of greater public use than these modern gladiatorial exhibitions. We like the Prince of Wales. We are not so puritanical as to object to his having a good time, and we do not grudge him a holiday; but we wish that he could have chosen another place to amuse himself than the spot-light of the world's

stage. To us the most interesting feature of his American interlude is the contrast between the opulent splendour of the private entertainments in his honour and the Spartan simplicity of the public one. We were told that he was to receive the highest honour that the Great Republic could accord him: he was to have a simple lunch *en famille* with the President. On this theory, if the King should ever visit the President he would probably have the supreme honour of being offered a pickle sandwich in the garage. The anachronism is peculiar to modern democracies, and it will be found nearer home than Washington. Ours is a pharisaical world, and if the Prince were a less genuine soul his path through it might be easier.

#### The Best Policy

ABOUT a month ago, readers of the New York papers were interested to see an announcement issued by the *Herald Tribune* that Sanford Jarrell, one of their reporters, had been dishonorably dismissed. It is not customary for newspapers to give publicity to such occurrences, but the *Herald Tribune* not only published the facts itself but also announced them to the other papers. Sanford Jarrell was the reporter who wrote a sensational story about a 17,000 ton liner flying the British flag which, anchored off Fire Island, was serving as a floating cabaret for the thirsty souls of New York. He described vividly how the people went out to the ship in launches, paid five dollars to go aboard, and spent the entire night in drunken revelry. The story in the *Herald Tribune* roused wide interest. Prohibitionists poured scorn on the enforcement of law at New York, not without some caustic remarks about the conduct of the British Government in allowing a British ship to be put to such a use. The *Manchester Guardian* published an editorial in which it deplored this prostitution of the Union Jack. But the *Herald Tribune*, having somehow been made suspicious, sent out another reporter to investigate the circumstances, with the result that the author of the story eventually confessed that he had invented the whole thing. The dismissal of Jarrell may be a symptom showing that higher standards are beginning to prevail in journalism. We do not recollect that any Canadian newspaper has announced the dismissal of a reporter for such a reason. Perhaps our papers have never been known to sacrifice truth to sensationalism.

#### The 'Seven' and the 'Star'

IN its issue of September 4th the Toronto *Star* returns to its attack on the 'Group of Seven'. If the *Star* has suddenly decided in August, 1924, that the new Canadian painting is insane, nobody need object. Difference of opinion is both healthy and desirable. But the *Star* is not content with that.



It is bent on giving the impression that the English comment on the newer Canadian pictures at Wembley was in essence equally unfavourable. This is another matter altogether. It would appear that the *Star*, being quite uninformed on the subject, read Rupert Lee's article in our pages and took it for granted that we would do all the 'boosting' of anything 'new' that we could. The English press opinions have been reproduced, however, in a booklet published at Ottawa, and the consensus of enlightened criticism found there is singularly at variance with the statements of the *Star*. With scarcely an exception the English press found the newer Canadian painting commendable and the older painting uninteresting. Precisely when the London critics discover that there is something good and vital in the newer Canadian painting, the *Toronto Star* discovers that it is 'comic' and 'insane'. There is comedy in the situation, but not where the *Star* puts it.

#### A Change in the Churches

A NEW spirit seems to be stirring in some of the churches. An eminent divine of one of them has recently urged the adoption of advertising on a 'Big Business' scale, and, judging by recent instances that have been given publicity, the idea will find strong backing in certain quarters. Not long ago a visiting dignitary of a great Church, who addressed a religious conference in Canada, chose 'Big Business', as his theme and is reported to have said that, 'measured on a dollar and cents basis, the church was undoubtedly the biggest business in existence'. He compared it favourably with U.S. Steel and Standard Oil, and told his interested hearers that the branch of the Church to which he belonged had raised eighty-five million dollars for philanthropy and missionary endeavour in the past year. This message is reassuring to those of us who have been made anxious as to the future of the Churches by the jeremiads of other religious leaders, who have cried that there is a general decline of religious life; that the Churches are losing their grip. It would seem that the obvious way for the Churches to regain their grip is to develop their potentialities as big business concerns. There might be a great future for Church Banks, willing to negotiate loans for penitent financial sinners at moderate interest. And there is no practical reason why Churches should not insure the mortal as well as the eternal lives of their members. The innate prestige of Church Insurance Companies would be a most valuable asset. The way to success for the Churches clearly lies in abandoning the vain chimera of a spiritual renaissance and concentrating on the business side. It has dazzling possibilities.

#### Babbittry Triumphant

A FEW days ago we were invited to an academic banquet at which the management arranged for our amusement by providing song sheets. Two of the songs pleased us so much by their mixture of national and civic pride and other things that we reproduce them here for our readers' benefit.

#### OUR TOWN (Key A)

Tune: 'John Brown's Body'. By A. S. Hibbard.  
(Substitute your own burg for Toronto)

Come, Toronto brothers, let us join in a song,  
Sing it with a willing heart and sing it good and strong,  
Sing it for the city, let your voices come along  
As we go marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory to Toronto, etc.

We are for the Union Jack, our country's flag sublime,  
We are all for freedom's land, and want no other clime,  
And we're for Toronto, first and last and all the time  
As we go marching on.

#### HELLO BILL (Key B flat)

Tune: Tipperary.

It's a good time to get acquainted,  
It's a good time to know  
All the hustlers and all the live ones  
That are here to make things go.  
Good-bye, chilly shoulder,  
Good-bye, glassy stare,  
When we all join hands and pull together,  
We're sure to get there.

Just as if *Babbitt* had never been written!

#### On Parliament Hill

By a Political Correspondent.

THE most important result of the Liberal victory in St. Antoine has been the formation of an anti-Meighen wing of the Conservative Party. Supported by the Montreal press, a clique of Quebec protectionists has apparently reached the conclusion that a clean victory for the Conservative Party is impossible without a leader who can attract the French Canadian electors. This, as the contest in St. Antoine demonstrated, Mr. Meighen is unable to do. As a result of the sudden outcry from Montreal for a national Conservative convention and a new captain, relationships between Quebec and Ontario leaders have become very strained. It is no secret that there have been spirited interchanges. Mr. Meighen, it is said, has replied to the editorial which appeared in the *Gazette*, but if he did the answer was not published. Except from a former M.P., there has been no support in Ontario for the movement to unseat Mr. Meighen, and the upshot has been that the two factions have settled down to a winter of guerilla warfare.

Whatever the true explanation of the victory in St. Antoine may be, it unquestionably came almost as a divine interposition for the Liberal Party. The most



authentic reports indicate that Mr. Hushion won because he had the better organization, and the defeat of the Conservatives was made more decisive by reason of a division of opinion as to who should bear the standard of protection. General Currie, I am informed, was the first choice of the Tory Party. He was to go in with a good prospect of replacing Mr. Meighen as the leader (because, all recent protestations of submission to the contrary, the protectionists of Quebec have never accepted his leadership). The story goes on that Mr. Meighen was advised of his proposed decapitation, went to Montreal, and talked it over with the party chiefs. He suggested that General Currie come in first as a private member and if he showed capacity for the leadership, then the sceptre would pass to his hand automatically. There were several days during which General Currie considered the proposition and ultimately he declined to accept.

\* \* \*

During the campaign in Montreal Premier King enunciated his policy of 'freer trade'—whatever that may mean—and Mr. Meighen carefully explained that a Liberal victory would put the stamp of approval on a low tariff policy and throw the Government completely under the domination of the Progressive Party. Thus, whatever the real cause or causes of victory may have been, the country generally has taken the view that Montreal has endorsed a low tariff policy. Mr. King is claiming a signal triumph for his fiscal policy—which as far as your correspondent can learn has never been subjected to the most nebulous of definitions—and no one can say him nay.

\* \* \*

In the West the Montreal victory has been hailed with greater joy than in Quebec. The Progressives are taking it as overpowering evidence that if the Liberals will only carry out the policy of the prairies, their political future is assured. So far the tariff reductions, notwithstanding the tremendous discussion which has been going on, have been microscopic, and Mr. Robb is credited with a desire to put the brakes on hard next session. But all this is changed. Even a steady string of Conservative wins in the remaining by-elections will not be able to alter the situation materially. It is indeed difficult to see how the Government will be able to resist making further tariff reductions in 1925.

\* \* \*

Mr. Motherwell is now afloat in a grain carrier on the way home from his annual western tour. The Minister of Agriculture has had a very spectacular trip, and in addition to maintaining his reputation for sea-worthiness he enlivened his tour by a 'Perryesque' dash toward the Hudson Bay. Hitherto Mr. Motherwell has not been a supporter of this project, but he is now convinced not only of the feasibility of the route, the straits apparently included, but of the necessity of completing it at once, and so confessed himself at a banquet given in his honour at The Pas on his way south to civilization. The moral of this is that unless the East can manage to keep a majority of the Cabinet away from the prairies, there appears to be a real danger of the West's genial hospitality overcoming all obstacles. Mr. King starts west late this month and already every city, town, and village has organized a delegation to see him about the Hudson Bay railway. After Mr. Motherwell's feeble resistance the West is more than optimistic of winning the Premier.

### Justice Without Force

IT was an ancient and, some would say, a foolish debate which Mr. MacDonald reopened at Geneva: Can we find a substitute for war in settling international disputes? Compulsory arbitration and disarmament were the means he proposed. 'If we cannot devise a proper system of arbitration, then do not let us fool ourselves that we are going to have peace; let us go back to the past; let us go back to competitive armaments; let us go back to that false whitened sepulchre of security and of military pacts—there is nothing else for us—and let us prepare for the next war, because that is inevitable.' Familiar sayings these, but not familiar as the sayings of responsible statesmen. He explained that Great Britain would not sign the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance because of the indefinite extent of the obligation, but chiefly because she did not believe that military alliances would lead to permanent security. He hoped that Germany would speedily enter the League; that America's own heart would ultimately incline her to come in to the honoured and welcome place which awaited her; and that even Russia would not always remain apart. With the entrance of Germany to the League, with agreements for compulsory arbitration and the will to success, the reduction of land armaments would become possible, and a new era, based on right and justice, would begin.

M. Herriot's answer, appropriately enough, was not a new one, but a sentence from Pascal; and if the French philosopher had not supplied his phrase, an equally good one might have been taken from Thucydides: 'Force without justice is tyranny; justice without force is futility.' France also welcomed the principle of compulsory arbitration, but she held that arbitration without power to enforce the verdict could not afford security, and France could not afford to disarm without 'material assurances'. Other speakers said the same thing in different words. Ex-Premier Salandra favoured arbitration, but would not dispense with force. The Polish foreign minister, Skrzynoski, recalled that each time Poland had trusted to the justice of the nations, she had been sliced up. She would not disarm until she received some promise of protection against Russia. Dr. Benes (Czecho-Slovakia) said that the small nations would not take the risk of disarming, as proposed by Premier MacDonald, but demanded sanctions; and Premier Theunis of Belgium, declared that Belgium, though desirous of peace, must keep her army until assured of safety. When all this was reported in the Paris papers, most of them denounced Mr. MacDonald as a hypocrite and an impenitent friend of the Germans.

Notwithstanding this unpromising beginning, on September 6th the Assembly unanimously passed a resolution committing the League to action looking



to the settlement by arbitral means of practically all international disputes, such action to include the calling of a conference on disarmament and the formation of a precise and far-reaching definition of the circumstances under which the Court of International Justice will function. Representatives of France and England had both committed themselves in favour of the principle of compulsory arbitration; and both had accepted the doctrine that, in any international dispute, the nation which refused to submit its case to arbitration or to accept the arbitrators' award should be automatically designated as the aggressor. These achievements of the assembly, which have been chronicled up to the time of writing, may seem indefinite and unsatisfactory—especially since they still require specific agreements to carry them out. Yet they constitute the most important step towards the adoption of universal compulsory arbitration which has yet been taken; and, weary as the world is of widely-heralded panaceas which have since brought bitter disappointment, we feel that this meeting of the League of Nations may become a landmark in European history.

The principle of arbitration before impartial judges has seldom been so triumphant. Few would have predicted, a year ago, that the European outlook could be so greatly improved in so short a time. A year ago Germany was still suffering from every kind of disorder as a result of the violent occupation of the Ruhr. The mark was plunging towards the infinitesimal; unfeigned misery was becoming more and more widespread; and the almost hopeless economic outlook was joined with fierce and seemingly ineradicable hostility against France. During this summer, all has changed. The new Reichstag has accepted the constitutional changes necessary for carrying out the Dawes plan, and German representatives have signed the necessary agreements in London; payments under the plan have begun, and preparations are under way for the floating of an international loan to Germany, probably before the end of October. So great is the confidence inspired by the new policy that little doubt is felt of the reception of the loan by the investing public. Both France and Belgium have shown a spirit of conciliation by withdrawing soldiers from parts of the Ruhr, and the internal customs barriers established with the occupation have been abolished. Both France and Great Britain have made it clear at Geneva that they will welcome the speedy accession of Germany to the League and advocate the creation of a seat for her at the Council.

What is the cause of this striking change? It is not the amount of reparations which Germany has agreed to pay; for the present value of the future payments now proposed is smaller than that of any previous scheme. Nor is it, we believe, the certainty of the present plan. How far that plan can be ear-

ried out is still doubtful, and most of the economists, while giving it their blessing, refrain from predictions. Germany must increase her production, keep down her domestic consumption, and increase her exports to a great extent. Even with a willing debtor, with able and impartial foreign control, and with security from outside interference, only time will tell how far these requirements can be met. We do not say that the coming loan to Germany is not well secured. It enjoys absolute priority over the other claims. But we cannot with certainty predict that the export surplus of Germany will enable her to meet all her obligations under the scheme. Increased production will be hampered by the present shortage of capital and the desire to maintain an eight-hour day. Increased exports will be hampered by protectionist and anti-German sentiment abroad. We are not unacquainted in Canada with those patriotic but illogical people who write a letter of protest to their newspaper whenever they see a German article in a Canadian shop. The United States still pins its faith to high tariffs. Even in England, the steel interests are said to fear the *rapprochement* between France and Germany which may lead to a union of metallurgical interests dangerous to their own export trade. The coal miners, meeting recently at Hull, spent some days considering a protest to the Government against a policy which would loose a new flood of German reparation coal to compete with the British product and increase the amount of unemployment among British miners. These instances are typical of the fears aroused by any prospect of increased German exports; they indicate the strong possibility that other countries will try to protect themselves by higher tariffs, and they show that the Dawes plan has not removed all the difficulties connected with the payment of reparations. The authors of the plan themselves do not entertain any illusions as to its certainty; for they have themselves provided means whereby payments may be automatically stopped. The superiority of the Dawes plan therefore does not lie either in the amount of reparations which it promises, or in the certainty that these reparations will be paid. Where does it lie?

We think that the fundamental reason why the plan has been so generally accepted is that it abolishes the unhappy policy under which each nation was in fact a law unto itself with regard to the collection of its claims. The fate of Germany is no longer left to the discretion of a purely partisan body whose decisions are based upon no principles accepted by both sides as fundamental. Under the present plan, Germany's capacity to pay is to be determined by certain definite and reasonable criteria; she cannot be declared to be in default without arbitration in which her chief creditors will not this time hold the scales. The sanctions proposed are economic in character and the creditors need no



longer feel that a new war is necessary to liquidate the old. The Dawes plan represents a return to the methods of peace; it is an attempt to apply justice without force. Notwithstanding the scepticism of Europe, the principle for which Mr. MacDonald was pleading is not yet a lost cause.

### Collective Ownership and Reforestation

By J. Francis White

*With reforestation bulking large on the economic horizon, this speculative article on its potentialities as a social asset is peculiarly interesting. Mr. White sees the solution of the problem of our vanishing forests in collective ownership and administration, and offers refreshing suggestions on its possibilities.*

TO the interested spectator on the side lines of the political field, one of the questions of great interest at the present time is the attitude of our public men towards government ownership of public utilities. Very rarely in public speeches do we find this question discussed as a definite policy. We possess the greatest public-owned railway system in the world; to this, one gathers, one may point with pride. Having acquired this property we are expected as patriotic citizens to give it the fullest measure of moral and material support. Are we to assume from this that our political leaders hold an unqualified belief in government ownership and operation of all railways? By no means. That would be sheer Socialism, and any public man advocating such a policy would run the gravest danger of becoming the target for the opprobrious epithet 'Red'. Our legislators hold firmly to the principle that 'Business' is most effectively carried on if left to individual initiative; enlightened competition should be the key-note of our national character. And yet, in spite of their abstract conservatism, our various governments, federal, provincial, and municipal, do somehow acquire at odd times some of the instruments of production and distribution. One forms the impression of a succession of political helmsmen sternly and resolutely holding the bow of the ship of state on the light of Individualism, the good ship meanwhile drifting obliquely into uncharted seas of Collective Ownership. Thus, we achieve a measure of what we may call Accidental State Socialism, or Inadvertant Collectivism.

One of the most obvious objections to this form of progress is that it allows no intelligent planning for the future. In Canada there is more than a vague tendency towards a greater measure of government ownership and operation of certain classes of public utilities. Most of our political leaders seem satisfied as to the advisability of state control of water power. That it is equally desirable for the state to own the

common carriers, railways and shipping, seems to be not so well established in the minds of our public men. When one considers the way in which our Canadian National Railway came into the hands of the public, and why, one can only conclude that, at least in this matter, our statesmen followed no guiding principle save that of expediency. If our politicians have any theory in regard to this question, it would seem to be that the government should on no account embark on any undertaking which can be made to yield profit to private enterprise. So long as this principle prevails, it will be difficult for this country to proceed very far in the experiment of state ownership. Our national obligations are now so heavy that we cannot well undertake any ambitious project unless it can be made to produce dividends, or at least pay its own way. We require a fundamental change in our point of view towards public works. Few countries possess such a wealth of natural resources, but much of this potential wealth can only be realized through social effort. The future well-being of the average Canadian depends in a large degree upon whether our great natural wealth is to be treated as a public trust for the benefit of our citizens as a whole, or to be apportioned as prizes to the most acquisitive in a game of ruthless competition.

The very important work of reforestation is one to which this principle applies. The timber industry, perhaps more than any other, is one in which government intervention is imperative if we are to realize any reasonable proportion of this tremendous asset. We have enormous areas of deforested land which under a comprehensive system of replanting and the use of a little discrimination in cutting, could produce vast quantities of timber in perpetuity. The experts tell us that our forests will be depleted in twenty-five or thirty years. All wood products are constantly advancing in price. We have the land and the climate well suited to the production of the finest lumber. Here is a work of the first magnitude, urgently demanding our attention, promising untold benefits if handled efficiently; and up to date our response has been almost trivial. Perhaps it is somewhat unfair to lay too much blame on the provincial politician for the inexpert way in which our resources have been handled when one realizes how amazingly inert public opinion is in these matters. If there is any considerable portion of the electorate in favour of a more progressive method of dealing with our collective wealth, it has been, in the past, mainly inarticulate.

Probably much of the indifference on the part of the average citizen is caused by the popular acceptance of the idea that the government is mainly a spending agency. Governments have always shown



more aptitude in dispensing wealth than in creating it, and the public can be excused for anticipating as a corollary to any increase in governmental activity an added weight of taxes. Some recent developments, however, have shown that this result is not inevitable; of these the Hydro-Electric Power Commission in Ontario is probably the best example. Why should we not have forestry commissions operating along similar lines, with authority to construct and operate saw mills and pulp mills? Under the present system the Legislature disposes of the standing timber to individuals and corporations at a fraction of its actual value. Thus we hear a lot about Shevlin-Clarke deals and Backus deals, each successive Government showering its predecessors with a wealth of invective for mal-administration of the Public Domain. And each party on accession to power immediately settles down to a strict conformity to precedent—or at best congratulates itself on having obtained a slightly larger portion of potage in exchange for the latest instalment of birth-right disposed of.

Suppose such a commission as has been suggested were appointed by a Provincial House. Let us assume that the management would be as efficient as that of the Toronto Transportation Commission or the Hydro-Electric. The necessary funds could be obtained by the issue of bonds guaranteed by the province, mills would be erected on Crown lands, and within a comparatively short time the Commission should be in a position to pay dividends. By using the profits obtained from the sale of their manufactured products to advance the work of reforestation, and by gradually enlarging their plant, the forestry commission could eventually take over the entire timber industry of the province. A collective enterprise of this nature, conceived and carried out upon broad lines, would, in the course of time, do much towards solving any problems of unemployment; it is difficult to set a limit to the number of men who might profitably be employed in such an undertaking. One can imagine a group of hard-boiled politicians greeting such a proposal with loud cries of 'Visionary!' and 'Utopian!' But is there any alternative scheme for conserving our forest wealth without materially adding to the burden of our troubled taxpayers? No plan of reforestation whereby the average individual has to foot the bill, and the bulk of the profit is eventually seized by the enterprising entrepreneur will meet with much approval from the average individual.

Another aspect of the forestry question is its relation to agriculture. The land in the older settled parts of Ontario, for instance, has been cleared indiscriminately, and large areas now devoted to farming have a very low economic value as agricultural

land. Is it too much to hope that at some distant date an agricultural survey of the provinces will be made, a minimum figure of productiveness fixed, and that all land coming below that level of production will be eventually turned over to the forestry commissions for reforestation? A generation or so ago in the East, practically every farm had its 'bush' from which the farmer obtained his winter supply of fuel. In many counties there are thousands of farms on which the bush has now completely disappeared, and every year finds an increasing number of farmers dependent upon coal for heating and cooking. If this tendency on the part of the rural landowner persists, it will result not only in an aggravation of the fuel problem, but will probably have a decidedly detrimental effect on weather conditions from the stand-point of agricultural production. One hesitates to dwell very much upon this point as it is a subject which scientific investigation has barely touched, but we know that forest areas act as reservoirs of moisture during dry seasons, and that evaporation takes place much more rapidly upon cleared than upon uncleared land. Anyone who has done much flying over diversified country knows the great difference in atmospheric conditions over forest covered patches on the one hand and tilled land on the other. The air over the wooded sections is cool and comparatively moist, whereas over ploughed land and open meadow one meets with rising currents of hot, dry, 'bumpy' air. This being the case, the depletion of our woods is sure to accentuate drought conditions in our semi-arid districts. In addition to their service in the retention of moisture, these patches of bush have considerable value as wind breaks, and with their destruction we shall suffer from a greater prevalence of hot drying winds. Nor is this all. After a short dry period, the air overlying wooded sections is, as we have said above, permeated with moisture, and it is probable that it is largely from this source that the requisite water is drawn for our 'local thunder showers'.

It is possible that a time will come when we shall greatly increase our agricultural production by maintaining alternate strips of farm land and forest. It is an interesting speculation to consider what effect belts of timber land planted throughout the prairie provinces might have upon weather conditions and consequently upon land fertility. But perhaps even our most radical legislators might shrink from a proposal to change the weather by Act of Parliament.



### The Trend of Business

By Philip Woolfson, A.M.

	Wholesale Prices <sup>1</sup>	Volume of Employment <sup>2</sup>	Av. Price of 20 Canadian Securities <sup>3</sup>	Family Budget (Labour Gazette)
May, 1924	173.8	91.6	88.7	\$20.24
June, 1924	172.0	95.2	89.2	\$20.22
July, 1924	179.0	95.9	90.7	\$20.29
Aug., 1924	....	94.7	92.2	....
Aug., 1923	178.6	100.2	88.5	\$21.03

<sup>1</sup>Mitchell. Base (= 100) refers to the period 1900-1909.

<sup>2</sup>Employment Service of Canada. Base (= 100) refers to September 1, 1923. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

<sup>3</sup>Mitchell. The following common stock quotations are included, among others:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumer's Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, Canada Steamships.

### Readers' Forum

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 400 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

### Wheat Pools—An Answer

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The Grain Trade of Canada and of the United States has been my favorite study for a great many years. It is a big subject. And in the last two years it has been the subject of some very hectic discussions. Let us pause for a few minutes now, for a breathing spell, and take a cool, calm, honest inventory of the progress achieved thus far.

We must not shut our eyes to the following significant facts, four in number, which constitute our present 'inventory' of the grain trade in North America.

(1) Production improvements in wheat growing have been made in recent years, netting the farmers hundreds of millions of dollars. Of all these improvements, the greatest was the introduction of Marquis wheat by Dr. Charles Saunders of Ottawa.

(2) Grading of wheat has now been completely standardized and put on both a scientific and commercial basis. No greater forward step in marketing could be taken than this.

(3) Marketing of wheat, from the local co-operative elevator, through the organized grain exchange (with its future trading and hedging) is now the most efficient type of marketing in the world. No other farm crop in the world is handled on so low a margin of costs, on such low 'middlemen's tolls'. This remarkably efficient system rests on the firm foundation of standard grades. For standardization is the first step in market reform.

(4) It is highly significant that when we turn to the Farmer's Platform, adopted in 1917 by the Canadian

Council of Agriculture, we do not find therein a single word about the grain trade. In other words, when the farmers secured their own elevators and their own seats on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, they had thereby secured an impregnable position of power in the grain trade and were ready to turn to other problems.

And this, briefly, was the situation until some eloquent, persuasive, and highly-fed promoter of 'Orderly Marketing' from the United States—a man wholly innocent of wheat marketing—told the Canadian farmers that they ought to 'merchandize' their wheat, not 'dump' it, whatever that may mean. Students of maxims and not of markets frequently follow slogans like that. Hence came the wheat pools—three in Canada, fifteen in the United States. Four in the United States have already run their allotted course and have ceased to function. Soon the other eleven will complete the same cycle.

Wheat pools will not work. Lack of space prevents me from elaborating any argument. A few dogmatic statements must suffice.

The overhead cost is too high. In the United States the present pools have, by their own report, cost from two to four times as much per bushel to market grain as the regular farmer elevator.

The pool is too slow in paying for the grain. The regular system of today pays the farmer cash on delivery. The pool makes final settlement at the end of the year, or later.

The pool does not control price, dominate the market, or in any way influence price. Wheat price is a world price. By holding wheat till later in the year, or till spring, the pool does not and cannot secure any gain in price. Statistics of all important grain markets, over long periods of years, prove conclusively that it does not pay to hold wheat. The advance in price is not enough to cover the carrying charges.

Pooling is speculative marketing. To the extent that the pool holds for higher prices, to that extent it speculates. It is speculation by amateurs, therefore costly. The cheapest way to speculate is by dealing in future contracts on the exchange, where the cost is one-fourth of one cent a bushel commission. But the ordinary man is a fool to speculate.

Pooling is not co-operation. It is, or aims to be, a substitute for the farmer's elevator. There is no substitute for the farmer's elevator. As long as farmers control their elevators and are the beneficiaries of them, they are co-operative enterprises in the strictest and purest sense of the word. These are the two ultimate tests of a co-operative enterprise.

Pooling is disorderly marketing. Canada's wheat crop—the bulk of it—should move quickly to market after the bulk of the U. S. movement, and before the big movement from Argentina and Australia sets in. This is exactly what happens now, when the 'orderly marketing experts' are not holding the wheat off the market for speculative gains.

The wheat pool movement is not a sober effort to better the situation. It is rather the co-operative movement on a spree. When the emotional excitement is over, the fervent speeches forgotten, the camp-meeting revivalists departed, then the hard, cold business sense of the Canadian farmer will assert itself. He will plough right ahead — with his farmers' elevators and his big Grain Exchanges.

Yours, etc.,

James E. Boyle,  
Professor of Rural Economy,  
Cornell University.



### Government Control

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Your editorial on the subject of Government Control in the August number seems to suggest that powerful bootlegging interests are ready to swing the vote in favour of continuing the Ontario Temperance Act, and that citizens genuinely desirous of a sober province should unite to defeat their designs. I am not acquainted with any bootleggers, but it is evident that the patrons upon whom they thrive are not at all in favour of the O.T.A., whereas Government Control is precisely their objective. It is these same patrons who are turning drunken men loose in the streets to discredit the O.T.A. Can the aim of such tactics be really sobriety and thrift? And even though this kind of demonstration were being repeated all over the province (which is not the case), surely the British fondness for compromise would not require that we yield to such measures?

The suggestion that the Government take over a monopoly of the manufacture is splendid, though the possibilities of bringing this about are still remote. Meanwhile the new situation at the Rainy River border need hardly frighten us. The maintenance of prohibition on both sides of the International boundary is far more important.

Yours, etc.,

Robert G. Thompson.

Plainfield, Ont.

### The Diary of Otto Braun

By E. H. Blake

*Students of politics and literature alike will be interested in the diary of this boy of genius, reflecting both the strength and the weakness of the German spirit of which he was the confident yet ill-starred protagonist.*

PUBLISHED originally in the *Nation and Atheneum* as a review of the German edition, Mr. Havelock Ellis's engaging introduction to this translation\* was what first attracted the attention of English-speaking readers to this German boy of genius, whose short life served, ironically, as a playground for the very fates in which he put his trust. Born in Berlin in 1897, Otto Braun was the only child of an Austrian father, who had attained prominence as one of the economists of the German Social Democratic Party, and of a Prussian mother, a general's daughter, who had made a place for herself not only in German letters, but also in the broader field of European socialism. Through his mother he received a strain of Bonaparte blood, her grandmother having been a natural daughter of Jerome, King of Westphalia—a fact upon which too much stress may easily be laid; for the inference that Otto Braun's *Daimon*, the watcher of his destiny, was nothing but a reflection of Napoleon's fate finds little support in this book.

The extracts from the diaries, with which are included many intimate letters and a collection of

verse (none of them written with any thought of publication), reveal a boy whose attainments at the age of twelve could be officially described by a great educationalist as 'astonishing and wonderful', who possessed, in the words of the same authority, 'a knowledge of German literature which would do honour to a candidate for a doctorate'; a boy, moreover, of such singular force and imagination that he had already begun 'to train and fortify his spirit so that it may be capable of great passions which will not flicker out, that it may bear great burdens and achieve much'. It is not, however, the observation of one of his instructors that the young Otto Braun was 'such as one might well suppose the boy Goethe to have been' that so much impresses one, as Mr. Havelock Ellis' comparison with the natural and normal child of some titanic race.

Except for holidays spent in Bavaria, and two trips with his mother to Italy and one to Teneriffe, which included a transient visit to Paris, the whole of the first period of Otto Braun's life, the seventeen years that had barely accomplished themselves before the war broke in to shift or check their course, had been lived in Berlin. It was not, however, the stucco and the statues of the capital of the new Germany, but his father's garden, 'an immense roof of oak leaves and below it lilies of the valley and flowering shrubs', that evoked his happiest impressions. And just as, in spite of Berlin, his aesthetic outlook searched far beyond the limits of the city, so too, in spite of Berlin, his intellectual interests soon overstepped the narrower frontiers of Prussian scholarship. For the earlier absorption in German literature quickly broadened into a passion for the classics. 'All the other ages vanish in the mist when Hellas arises like the splendour of sunrise'; and the classics in their turn swept him, through the Renaissance, full into the broad stream of modern European thought. 'I believe', he wrote in 1911 at the age of fourteen, 'that it is quite possible to feel and conceive Antiquity, the Renaissance, Rembrandt, as the highest, though perhaps, varying expressions of one and the same spirit'. Nor did this early unfolding of so extended a view expose any serious flaws of judgment. Freshness and penetration marked all his comments, on pictures and music and buildings as well as abstract ideas and the problems of history. 'I think a Titan found a home in Michelangelo's bosom', he wrote from Florence in 1913, 'but in Leonardo's a god.' Somewhere else he speaks of 'the living logic that is expressed in an ancient temple, a Renaissance structure, a drama of Shakespeare's or a poem of Goethe's'; and at Dresden, of the beautiful melodies of Figaro, 'dancing and ringing; profound for all their lightness'. Even in modern literature his appreciation of style was not

\*Published by William Henri Mann, Ltd., London.



confined to his own tongue. 'A brilliant style', he writes of Taine, 'but, after all, it is nothing more than a superior kind of journalism. When, after him, you read Napoleon's weighty glowing sentences everything else vanishes in a mist of fine phrases and cleverness.'

It will seem strange to some that the aim of all this sweeping search for knowledge and beauty was nothing more nor less than the prosaic business of politics. That was the end for which no preparation could be too arduous or too prolonged — the chosen end, or rather the appointed end; for the *Daimon* had directed, and probably, too, the example of his mother had counted, though exactly what was his own political faith is not easy to discover. We know that an essay on 'Tyranny and Democracy' was completed in 1912, and that a projected work on the State, pretty constantly in mind from that time on, was 'to contain all my thoughts on humanity and citizenship'. Elsewhere he speaks more concretely of 'a newly-built city, resplendent with arcades and thermal baths, gymnasiums and wide thoroughfares, an antique-modern Empire'; but not, he insists explicitly, 'a hotch-potch of the Greeks and the moderns, socialism and Nietzsche'. Perhaps as much as one can say with any certainty is that his attitude towards the new political problems created by modern industry was dictated, on the whole, by a sense of social justice, and that, like Walter Pater, he was able to perceive the figure of the workman's child sitting near the ashes from the furnace that warmed the marble and the tiles.

Like almost everything that he created, Otto Braun's conception of religion was touched with exhilaration. Having had to endure none of the conflicts and upheavals that come almost invariably, at one stage or another, to torment the child of intelligence who has been raised in an atmosphere of orthodoxy, his religious speculations were singularly free from bitterness; and so, although his outlook was more pagan than Christian, it was anything but the disillusioned paganism of the modern stoic, the foundations of whose despairing faith are so often laid in the ruins of childish mysticism.

I am much too fond of Hellas [he wrote to a friend who had sent him a book of Chinese philosophy], of the limpid clarity of the Greek spirit—so distinct from the rationalistic aridity of the material world—I am much too fond of life and conflict, of the glory of the human body, of fighting, emotional peoples and philosophers like the Greeks and Nietzsche, to follow such a vague and unsubstantial philosophy.

Yet mingling with this conscious joy in life, this almost pagan rapture, are to be found traces not only of the heroic transcendentalism of Nietzsche, but also of the melancholy romanticism that is counted as typical of his race—typical in its occasional excess of sentiment and its occasional lack of

sensitiveness, in its confidence in the power of character and will, in its almost unsophisticated faith in self-discipline and learning. 'To do anything as a reaction only is a sure sign of weakness. If only I could keep always before me the motto put at the beginning of this book; to attain a certain poise and balance within myself'. And finally there is that curious faith in destiny that finds its personal expression in the *Daimon*.

The more I think of it the more I am persuaded that there exists a necessary and inevitable fate, which does not weigh the good or evil of any action, but lets every cause be followed by its natural effects without taking motives into account in the slightest degree . . . and so the greatest men, who have the greatest joys, must also bear the greatest sorrows . . . for suffering is a school for the great . . . a necessary element in their lives.

To Otto Braun, who had been absorbed in things of the mind and in the pursuit of beauty, whose childish diaries had been strangely free from questions of personality or manners, whose training had ignored almost entirely the rougher aspects of human intercourse, the war meant a sudden plunge into a perfect welter of new experiences. The picture at the beginning of this book shows him at the age of sixteen, about a year before he enlisted—a face pleasing rather for its air of confident eagerness than for any delicacy of expression, though the broad, rather full features do suggest a sort of wistful sensuousness. It is a pity that the English edition has omitted the picture of that same face three years later, with the dark hair cropped under the sinister German helmet, grown a little stubborn in expression, Mr. Havelock Ellis says, but showing, we may be sure, no marks of weakness; for Otto Braun met the unexpected trials of the war with something more than ordinary fortitude. The diaries pursue their lofty course. The poise and balance that he prayed for are achieved. A sense of increased significance, of added completeness in life, even comes to dispel any feeling of regret over plans spoilt or interrupted. 'How useless and senseless all this would be', he wrote to his parents on the anniversary of the day he first put on uniform, 'if I had not had my boyhood, which I owe to you, the loveliest and most wisely guided anyone could have had'. Occasionally, it is true, the insuppressible note of suffering breaks through. 'The future looks so drab, so joyless, just a void.' Or the cry of physical disgust: 'How relieved we all were to get out of these perfectly ghastly surroundings. Lice, filth, tatters. I will not even try to give you a description of my poor body.' As a rule, however, he preserves a superiority to unaccustomed sufferings that is almost pathetic: 'My fate is immutably written in the stars beyond all favour or accident.' Yet self-confidence and the practice of heroism are alike unable to destroy his modesty. He protests sincerely his un-



worthiness of his Iron Cross, and the fulsome praise of a fellow officer makes him feel ashamed.

He was happy, too, at such a time, in being able to adopt an attitude of almost complete political detachment—the attitude of one who, having projected himself into the distant future, looks back on this war as on a single incident in one of the great movements in history, an incident the details of which, either as to its origin or its conduct, have no significance whatever. 'A surging age is being born, breaking forth here in wars, there in revolutions, here in social transformations, there again in songs and books, but all is equally characteristic of it. A new world is coming to life.' It is true that he does refer once, in an appreciation of Treitschke, to the latter's inability to understand 'those repellent and ugly sides of Prussianism which, so far from being superficial, have, unfortunately roots that go very deep', and he cannot help wondering why 'we are not only always misunderstood, but hated; [why] even our most confirmed well-wishers keep on knocking up in despair against angles and corners'. No doubt his almost purely metaphysical conception of the state has something to do with his generally uncritical attitude in relation to his own country, but that does not explain the absence of any serious criticism of other states. Perhaps the following entry brings us closer to what he, as a German who was also consciously a European, felt in this crisis.

The Germany we carry in our hearts is not yet incorporated in concrete form. We may have said all we have to say in music but in pictorial art and architecture, in poetry, and above all in the moulding of life we have not yet fulfilled our destiny. I want to fight for the preservation of the German spirit and its fulfilment.

In the midst of all, his mother was taken suddenly ill; and, hurrying home from the Russian front, he arrived only in time to find her laid out for burial. Even in the face of this misfortune he clung sadly to the old attitude of hopefulness; and when, a few months later, a wound brought him back to Berlin, and eventually to an appointment in the military section of the Foreign Office, it was in piecing together again old plans, in picking up the threads of neglected interests, rather than in his official work that he found the surest consolation. 'Read a good deal', one entry runs in May, 1916, 'much that was excellent in Schlieffen. . . Yesterday only Goethe and Shakespeare'. One cannot help thinking of him, during this middle period, with a new sense of compassion—this boy of nineteen living with his broken father in the outskirts of that forlorn yet teeming city; eating but never noticing the filthy substitutes of war-time; clad in fatal grey, yet convinced that the *Daimon* had still the power to resist calamity; and always buoyed up by

that pathetic yet soaring confidence, not merely in the ideals of his own country, but in its unaltered place in the common civilization of Europe. 'The task of those at home is that of preserving the continuity of civilization', he wrote at a moment when, to all Europe, the very name of Germany called up an odour of chemicals and dead men.

In January, 1918, he received orders to rejoin his unit, this time on the Western front. His round-about journey carried him through a corner of Italy, beautiful still, in spite of the occupation, and cheering after the bleak winter days in Berlin. It was not till the middle of March that he reached his base in Alsace. The *Daimon* seemed to be doubly watchful; for he found himself assigned to the comparative safety of a regimental staff, and April had arrived, with Ludendorff's great advance stumbling to a halt in front of Amiens, before he reached his unit behind Villers-Brettonneux. So it was here, in this graveyard of many English lads along the valley of the Luce, close to the stinking barrier that still separated Germany from the rest of Europe, that he lived the last three weeks of spring—absorbed in his duties, no doubt, like the good officer he was, but still finding time to revolve the eternal problems of beauty and love and fate, and still sustained by that unquenchable confidence of his. On April 28th, while he was awaiting a relief in the village of Marcelet, he wrote to a friend, 'That feeling I had, when I came out to the front this time—of a great change awaiting me—thrills me again now. It is a wonderful feeling; the future lying ahead, impenetrable; and I weave into it brilliant colours, landscapes of magic, enchantment . . . ' On the same day, two months before his twenty-first birthday, the *Daimon* slumbered while a shell burst in the village of Marcelet. His friends laid his body on a bed of blossoming flowers while they waited for the funeral carriage.

The more spacious is the prospect of maturity, the more likely is it, at the touch of death, to assume all the appearance of barely frustrated reality. Yet it is not easy to believe that Otto Braun was born to be great in the sense in which he believed it. Political leadership of the most effective kind demands certain qualities of intuition in which the German race seems to be deficient; and in his defects as well as in many of his amazing qualities Otto Braun was typical of his race. He recognized them himself, these limitations and exaggerations of the German character.

How well Tellheim is pictured [he wrote of a performance of Minna von Barnhelm at Munich on his way back to the front in 1918], with his heaviness, his downrightness, his idealism and 'nobility of character,'—comprehensible only to Germans, for, indeed, every real German has more or less of Tellheim in him. . . also the lack of a saving sense of cynicism . . .





**A View from Yellowhead, B.C.,**

Drawing by  
**A. Y. Jackson**



Surely this is the missing virtue, this saving sense of cynicism—not the cynicism of Bismarck necessarily (though Bismarck remains significantly the one statesman of European stature that the 19th century Germany has produced), but the cynicism that implies a ready working knowledge of human nature—that is really another name for insight and sympathy, and even pity. So the war never wrung from him the cries of hopeless disillusionment or sardonic anger that it wrenched from so many of his enemies, the young men of the other great northern race. It would have been incongruous if it had; for it was just in this stubborn idealism, in this obstinate attachment to the romantic conception of character and history that Otto Braun reflected, with all its splendour, something too of the weakness of the German spirit.

### Ructions on the Wheel-Bar-O

By J. D. Robins

I waited to finish my cigar after the Westerner had gone back to the seat he shared with me in the day coach. When, finally, I did follow him, it was only to find that the inconsiderate wretch was talking animatedly with the two ladies behind us, and had actually turned our seat over to face them. I might have known that he would fall for the challenging eyes of that girl in the fool white dress with an inverted tapestry effect around the skirt. It might have been the older one, but I doubted it, although she was evidently conducting the conversation, which was suspended only long enough for the Westerner to let me move over to the window, opposite the older lady.

'Then there are really wild cowboys and stampedes and fights, the way the movies show them?'

Definite, convincing assurance was in the Westerner's voice as he replied:

'Oh, yes, ma'am, in the further away places where there is any of the big ranges left, an' the cooks is mostly Chinks. The cow punchers in them places keep up the old-time ways.'

'Oh! how perfectly thrilling! There, you see, Kitty. What have I always told you? I always said that Tom Mix and W. S. Hart and those wonderful men were really depicting life in the West.'

Kitty smiled indulgently.

'All right, Auntie. But you won't mind if I keep on being just a little bit suspicious that the colouring is just a bit too gorgeous. Nobody could be as picturesque in real life as those men, without being ridiculous—like Mexican generals.'

'Kitty!' cried Auntie, shocked.

'It's all right', the Westerner said, with a touch of dignity, however, behind his smile. 'I don't mind being called a prevaricator—by a lady.'

'There, you see, Kitty', cried Auntie in real distress, 'you are always so tactless—I mean, so—'

Kitty interrupted with some annoyance.

'Auntie, you know perfectly well, and the gentleman should know, that I wouldn't doubt the word of a stranger ever.'

Both the Westerner and Auntie looked at her, the former dubiously, the latter indignantly. 'Please don't pay any attention to my niece's incivility, sir', said Auntie, with a sweet, formal resignation that should have provoked angry retaliation, but did not. Then she clapped her hands.

'Oh, will you tell us, please, a real story of the cattle ranges, the most thrilling and romantic you've ever had.'

The Westerner shook his head slowly. Evidently Kitty's shaft had gone home. Then he looked across at the girl herself, smiling enigmatically, and therefore mockingly, and changed his mind,

'Ma'am', said he gravely, 'I ain't had many bad rows myself. I've always steered clear of woman, an'—very slowly—been polite to strangers, an' stuck to five cent ante and ten cent limit, an' I trained my bronc to whinny for me as soon's he figgered I'd had enough in me. So I guess I ain't interestin' myself—but I seen *one* wild time in my no 'count life.'

Auntie had clasped her knees ecstatically, her eyes fixed on the Westerner, and the glamour of the Woolliest West was in them. Kitty was still smiling a little, more enigmatically than ever, but was apparently appraising the Westerner's shock of hair at the same time. The latter glanced at me with utterly uncalled-for sternness. Then he leaned flatteringly towards Auntie, rested one elbow on his knee, and pulled a pipe from his pocket.

'I ain't goin' to light up, ma'am,' he explained. 'This is just for p'intin' purposes. Well, I was workin' that season for the Wheel-Bar-O outfit down in Southern Alberta. It wa'n't a bad gang, as gangs go, only I was kinder lonesome just then, bein' as my pal Pete'd gone an' got jugged for knockin' a breed wall-eyed in High River. So I was jus' settin' around watchin' the ol' world go by till he'd get his sixty days done. Then him an' me was goin' to drift away somewheres where a white man don't have to kow-tow to a breed.'

'I'm sorry', interrupted Auntie, 'but *would* you mind telling me what a breed is?'

The younger woman looked annoyed again.

'Oh, it's just a cross between an Injun an' a Frenchy, or an Injun an' a white man', the Westerner explained.

'Oh, thank you, I've often seen the word used that way, but didn't know what it meant for sure', said Auntie.



'Sure you didn't', the Westerner asserted cordially, soothingly. 'Well, there was this gang, an' things was goin' along as smooth as butter till the skirt showed up.'

'The skirt?' cried Auntie.

'Yah. She was the foreman's wife's niece or somethin', an' she came out West to stay a spell with them. She wa'n't any great shakes of a looker, but she was the only woman around, barrin' the foreman's wife, an' so the boys all fell for her jus' like numberin' from the right, an' inside of two weeks every man jack but the Chink cook an' the foreman had tried learnin' her to ride an' settin' on the stoop with her of an' evenin'. Some of the boys lasted two days, but most of 'em got run out in one. Oh, yah, I kinda went nutty too, but I wa'n't really responsible, seein' as I was kinda lonesome for pal Pete in the cooler. Well, after awhile we'd all of us got shook down through the sieve but two, an' one of them was just hangin' onto the under side by the skin of his teeth.

'These here two was a feller named Slim Brown from the South, called Slim because he weighed a hundred an' ninety-five stripped, and Joe McKay from down Ontario way somewheres. Seems like the girl leaned to Joe, an' she'd even went so far as to make him a present of a gold safety razor. But Slim, he had it pretty bad, an' didn't know enough to quit. An' I'll be jiggered if the girl didn't sort of try to do a fancy two horse circus stunt with them two idjits, an' the rest of us got back an' watched for the cinches to give way, an' got ready to dodge the bullets.

'Well, as it turned out, there wa'n't any bullets to dodge.—Hold on, ma'am, there was excitement enough without, so jus' keep your—jus' wait a little. You'd 'a' died laughin' to see how that happened. The boss had a fancy calf that he was stuck on for fair. Duke Deb he called it the Golden Calf. Well, one of the boys shot at a coyote one Saturday afternoon an' missed it an' killed the Golden Calf. The boss was so mad about it he made every son of a sea cook in the outfit turn in his gun an' he put 'em all in his missis' trunk. Well, we never used them guns excep' for missin' gophers an' things, but we felt that naked, ma'am, if you know what I mean—'

'Yes, yes, we know', said Auntie, quickly, when the Westerner paused.

'Yah.—Well, we felt that naked without them guns that we hated to go up to our meals.—I guess it was the next day, or maybe it was Sunday, that the ructions came—I guess it was Sunday.—Anyway, the boss was away, an' there was a bunch of us settin' not fur from the range house, gassin'. Slim was with us, all slicked up ready to go an' give the girl a ridin' lesson, an' Joe he comes along, lookin' about as gay as a coffin fact'ry. He'd been

turned down, an' you could see he hadn't expected it neither, because he'd got shaved. "Lo, Joe", says Duke Deb, "aint you goin' cavalierin' today?"—Duke was an Englishman, an' he was supposed to be a kind of a son of an Earl or Lord or somethin' Desborough.'

'Why, Kitty, that would be Lord Desborough's son, maybe, whom we met in Florence last year.'

'Maybe', said Kitty, very briefly.

'No', continued Auntie. 'It couldn't be, either, because Lord and Lady Desborough have no children.—I'm so sorry. It would have been so thrilling.'

'Oh well, maybe Duke was a grandson, then,' said the Westerner, turning slightly towards me. I smiled faintly, but no one else did, and the Westerner continued his tale.

'Well, anyway, this Duke Deb used to use big words sometimes, but he didn't seem to notice it himself, so we used to let it go gener'lly. You couldn't faze him anyway. "Aint you goin' cavalierin'?" says he to Joe. "Shut your trap", says Joe. He didn't say them exact words, ma'am, but that's as near as I'd like to get. Us boys all kinda laughed, 'specially Slim. Then Slim he winks one eye at Duke an' he says, "Joe", says he, "looks like you-all left the bars down in your corral an' let the filly get away on you." Joe looks at him, but doesn't say nothin', an' it seems as if Slim was just oozin' out with hellery, seein' he was gettin' the girl, for he goes on an' kinda made a few remarks that I aint goin' to give you neat an' can't water down, 'bout Joe an' his family.

'Well, that started it. Joe makes a grab all of a sudden for his gun an' Slim follers suit, jus' like they do in the pictures, but of course they aint no gun, an' we all starts to laugh again. Well, boys, that seemed to make that jumpin' Jehosaphat of a fool Joe so damn mad—ma'am an' miss, I do ask pardon, I clean forgot I was talkin' to ladies.'

'Oh, don't mind us', said Kitty, ironically. I could not understand her continued hostility to the Westerner.

'No, don't mind us', cried Auntie, with reckless enthusiasm. 'Tell it just as if you were talking to a group of men friends.'

The Westerner looked at me. I couldn't understand his expression, and I had a moment of terror.

'Shall I, Doc?—No, ma'am, I can't do that, an' I'll be obliged if you'll jab me in the—in the ribs with that hatpin if I forget again.—Well, where was I?—Oh, yah!—Joe, he was about the size of a yearlin' minny, but he lit right into Slim. He wouldn't 've lasted a minute, 'specially since he was foam'in' at the mouth with mad, an' Slim was cool, an' besides Slim had science. But jus' then Duke, he jumps in an' he says, "Gentlemen", says he,



"an affair of honour", says he. "Wherefore it aint no fist affair. It aint been no reg'lar challenge", says he, "but if I interprets your action correct, Joe", says he, "I judge you have challenged Mr. Brown to the duello", says he. Joe doesn't say nothin', an' Duke goes on an' says, "Silence gives consent", says he. "Mr. Brown", says Duke, "as the challenged party, you have the right to name the weapons. As referee, I have the right to name the follerin' conditions", says he. "Firstly, this here affair has to be settled here, inside the next two hours. Second, fists, feet, an' knives is barred. Thirdly, your weapons has to be your own. Gents", says he, lookin' round at us, "are these conditions satisfact'ry?" "Sure!" we all yells. "All right", says he. "Slim, are you agreeable?" "Sure", says Slim, grinnin', but there was an ugly look in his eye I didn't like the looks of. "Joe?" says Duke. Joe didn't say a word, but just nods, white and breathin' quick. "All right", says Duke. "Now, Slim, name your poison."

'Slim stood there, with a funny look on his face, an' nobody sayin' a thing, an' I was runnin' over in my mind what he could pick. There was ropes and quirts, an' I couldn't think of anything else, except boots an' chewin' tobacco. Duke, he looks around an' grins a little. I guess he'd been thinkin' what I was, only he'd did it quicker. Then Slim looks up. "Duke", says he. "At your service", says Duke, but lookin' at him hard. "These here conditions hold, eh?" says Slim, careless. "Sure", says Duke. "An' you-all agree", says Slim, lookin' at us. "Sure", we says. "All right" says Slim. "It's razors."

'Razors!' cried Kitty. 'Oh no, surely not. Don't tell us any more. It's too horrible.'

The Westerner looked at her gravely, compassionately.

'Your aunt asked for it, Miss, an' I promised, an' I got to tell it.'

'Yes, yes', said Auntie. 'Go on.'

'Well that had us fair hamstrung. Duke went as white as Joe had went. None of us had ever gave a thought to razors. Then I thought we might a' knowed that a Southerner 'd think about razors for fightin'. But it fair made me sick.

'But it was about a second after that that I got really sick. I remembered the girl's present.

"My gracious!" I yells to Duke.—That wasn't what I really yelled, ma'am, but it'll do.—"Joe's is a safety-first razor!"

'Well, Duke tried to say it was off, but Slim tells him it was his own idee an' inside the conditions, an' we all has to admit it was. An' the hell of it was, ma'am that Joe himself sticks to it to go on. I guess he thought jus' then that the safety razor was part of a scheme betwixt Slim an' the girl an' he didn't care a hoot.

'It was jus' then that the girl came out to us. I don't know if she smelt a rat or what, but out she comes, hell bound for leather, an' sets up a screechin that mighty nigh stampeded the herd. But the one she grabs is Joe. She cries an' hangs onto Joe an' says a lot of fool things to him an' tries to get him to back out. Well, Joe looks as if he'd kinda like to live on now, but he says he's got to go on seein's he's agreed. An' then she turns to Duke.

"You interferin' wretch", she yells, an' a lot more. "What have you got to say for yourself?"

'Duke didn't say nothin', an' she jus' stands there a minute lookin' kinda starey-like. An' then all of a sudden she starts to jumpin' up an' down an' laughin' an' cryin' till I thought she'd gone clean off her nut. But she hadn't, not she. She quiets down quick an' turns roun' to speak to the hull gang.

"Say", she says, "you're cowboys, aint you? Well, I want to make a condition, too, an' make this a fair fight.—Can I?"

"You betcha!" yells the gang.

"Well", says she, "then this here razor fight has got to be fit on horseback—at fifteen paces."

'Oh!' cried Auntie, 'And wasn't there any fight at all?'

'No ma'am', said the Westerner. 'Before everybody but Slim got through laughin' the two hours was up, an' Joe an' the girl was away ridin'.—Miss, Doc here has some stories he wants to tell your aunt. He was tellin' 'em to me in the smoker. Would you care to come out on the observation platform?'

And before I could think of any defense, the Westerner was guiding the smiling Miss Kitty down the aisle of the swaying car.

## Sleep

By Phyllis Coate

SLEEP is a giant  
Who clutches my hair  
Dragging me backward  
Into his lair.

Sleep is a bandit  
Who muffles my head,  
Rides with me madly  
And leaves me for dead.

Sleep is a grey sprite  
As soft as spring rain  
Who knows an enchantment  
To overcome pain.



**Joseph Conrad**  
1857-1924

By Barker Fairley

**J**OSEPH Conrad appealed to two sorts of people. He seemed to be almost two people himself—and an odd pair, too. An aristocrat and a democrat. The one lived on bully-beef in the fore-castle of a sailing-ship, and the other drank rare vintages in a European villa, all courtly, austere, with a strange scent in the air. The same thing can be put more crudely, by saying that he was a Kipling crossed with a Henry James. But it is nearer the truth to say that he was half Polish nobleman and half able-bodied seaman. As his life unfolded this became literally true. And it is written across nearly all his books.

His first real success, *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (1897), was chiefly with those of the simpler persuasion, the people who loved the sea and sailors and a life of physical adventure. *The Nigger* is a splendid, realistic account of a ship's voyage. The close of the yarn is grand and simple, the gradual passage from open waters into the Thames estuary, the docks, the paying-off of the men, who scatter this way and that through the swing-doors of bar-rooms, with the *Narcissus* herself in the hands of an alien watchman. We quote a line or two, as showing able-bodied seaman Conrad at his best—the *Narcissus* entering London.

She went steadily up the river. On the river-side slopes the houses appeared in groups—seemed to stream down the declivities at a run to see her pass, and, checked by the mud of the foreshore, crowded on the banks. Further on, the tall factory chimneys appeared in insolent bands and watched her go by, like a straggling crowd of slim giants, swaggering and upright under the black plummets of smoke, cavalierly aslant. She swept round the bend; an impure breeze shrieked a welcome between her stripped spars; and the land, closing in, stepped between the ship and the sea.

But even in this essentially simple tale there must be a nigger in the woodpile, a real nigger in the ship's timbers, James Wait, dying slowly of consumption, a mystery to the crew, casting a haughty death-shadow over their variegated lives, and spreading a strange uneasiness. The negro was 'six foot three'; he was naturally scornful, unaffectedly condescending. 'You misapprehended', he said. He brings the odd scent into the tale, something elusive, inscrutable, disdainful, aristocratic. It assort oddly with the plain life around it. Donkin, the Cockney, a rat from the East End of London, is alive to this.

He looked at James Wait, and saw him long, lean, dried up, as though all his flesh had shrivelled on his bones in the heat of a white furnace; the meagre fingers of one hand playing an endless tune. To look at him was irritating and fatiguing; he could last like this for days; he was outrageous—belonging wholly neither to death nor to life, and perfectly invulnerable in his apparent ignorance of both.

*The Nigger* remains, however, a simple Conrad. So does *Typhoon*, also a ship's voyage, and *Youth*, a third voyage, his only unadulterated outburst of sheer enthusiasm in the thirty years of writing. *Youth* is immortal, the shout of an adventurer setting the Eastern seas afire in the dawn of enterprise. 'Hurrah for Bangkok!'

If Conrad could have worked this simple vein longer, he would have been wealthy and popular. Lloyd George would have knighted him without a doubt. But it was not to be. As early as 1900 he published *Lord Jim*, and in 1904 *Nostromo*, the two biggest efforts of his earlier career and, probably, the two works which establish him most firmly in our literature. When all has been said about the narrowness of Conrad's genius, the fact remains that no two novels are less alike than these. In *Lord Jim* we probe a single moment of time, the moment of Jim's leap from the foundering pilgrim ship. No Englishman could have dwelt so long on a moral point of honour. He would have settled the matter more quickly and either gone to the dogs or forgotten about it. Most readers feel this way when they struggle through the second half of the tale with its morbid and somewhat romantic idealism. The suicide of Captain Brierly, an unforgettable episode, sums up the English reaction to Jim's dilemma with extraordinary cogency. But with Conrad himself the able-bodied seaman was in the background, and the austere moral aristocrat had his way. The book is un-English in temper, yet a glory of English literature. It will live forever with its spine broken.

*Nostromo* is also unique in its utterly different way. *Lord Jim* is microcosmic, *Nostromo* a macrocosm. It is indeed, nothing more nor less than an historical novel about an imaginary country. It exhausted Conrad to write it, but it did not exhaust the novel-reading public. They ignored it entirely for fully ten years. Now it is slowly coming into its own as a great work, the very peacock of fiction. It has no pedigree, even inside Conrad's own works. It is different from his other books and from every other man's. For wealth of character, scenery, and situation it can challenge any other three novels. It is a detached world, and hence not easy to enter. But the traveller in it returns enriched with an overpowering sense of the complexity of human motive and the infinite splendour of the visible world, all outlined in his brain with the preternatural clearness of a waking dream. If there is one word for *Nostromo*—which I very much doubt—it is sheer 'creativity'. Conrad works here like a god, not watching the world or judging it, but 'making' one. He speaks of his own effort, apprehensively, and in more places than one, but chiefly in *A Personal Record*, where he compares it to 'the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn'. Having put the whole of his high-bred, solitary na-



ture under the severest strain he leaves it to the able-bodied seaman to say what it felt like. As for the result, there is no doubt about it. The enterprise was god-like and such will be the reward.

That was twenty years ago. He never wrote again with quite the same 'possession'. For when he wrote *Jim* and *Nostromo* and *Youth* he was truly 'possessed', writing beyond himself with no choice of his own. But we must not, on that account, speak of his subsequent work as a decline. There were quiet periods and various excursions, but he wrote repeatedly with great and characteristic power. Doubtless we have the best of him, yet if he had lived another ten or twenty years we should have had all the more. If his death was not premature, it was none the less a misfortune.

It is almost certainly true that after *Nostromo* he wrote more deliberately and self-consciously. He wrote reminiscently in *The Mirror of the Sea*; he wrote short stories, such as *The Secret Sharer*; he wrote novels in strange fields, in Russia, in London, in the Mediterranean; and in *Victory*, *The Shadow-Line*, *The Rescue*, and some shorter tales, he returned to his Eastern seas. *Chance*, an English setting, must have surprised him with its rapid success. Technically it is his most complex novel. Technique, therefore, can have had little to do with his lack of real popularity. What stood in the way of that was the strange, austere soul of the man. He was a nobleman to the end, and popularity was not for him to seek. If it came, well and good. Having made a hit with *Chance*, he refrained from repeating himself.

*Victory*, a lonely island story with simple hearts and minds beset by sinister spectres, is an odd phantasmagoria, almost a philosophical pantomime. Some of his finest work has gone into it. *The Shadow-Line*, yet another voyage and a strange contrast with the earlier voyages, is again spectral, but less sinister. It is a sort of Ancient Mariner, a quiet but almost faultless specimen of the later Conrad.

In *The Rescue* he is more ambitious. It was begun early and finished late. If any of his work holds its own with *Jim* and *Nostromo* it must be this. In many respects it is full and magnificent; it has the glory of the Eastern archipelago, of the obscure adventurer, of ships and lonely allegiance. Characters like Jørgensen are the very breath of Conrad's genius. The tale is better handled than any. All the various characters in a rich plot are fully worked out in their own right, as in Shakespeare and seldom elsewhere; witness D'Alcacer, Conrad's perfect Spaniard. There is just one question about *The Rescue* and time will answer it. What about Mrs. Travers? Lingard, the simple explorer, is unhorsed by her, his plans are shipwrecked on the shoals of incipient passion, and then the two go apart. Do we touch here the depth of Conrad's insight or the limits of it? Does he know enough of the human

heart? of women? of love? Perhaps not. The able-bodied seaman knew a good deal, but not everything. The nobleman with his austere integrity and old-world aloofness could not know everything either. For the secret in the nobleman's heart may well have been that he clung to the simple seaman's morality and his simple outlook. More open natures soil themselves more and learn more. No, Conrad could never have written *Jude the Obscure*; his lips would have tightened at the thought.

But this is ungenerous. The meeting of Lingard and Edith on the sandbank is magnificent stuff anyway, and chastening too. Conrad could not let himself go in an affair of the sexes. Yet he could touch with wonderful tenderness and pathos on half-understood relations. The conversations of Heyst and Lena in *Victory* are even finer than those in *The Rescue*. They are so fine that it is absurd to talk much about limitations. We should never notice them if we were not enjoying the dubious advantage of living in a 'psycho-analytic' age.

Such was our Conrad. He finally gave us Peyrol, the last and mellowest of his adventurers; then, like Peyrol, he 'smiled to his visions and died'.

### Jehu

By R. K. Gordon

THERE was a time my lips would shrink  
From blasphemy as from a drink  
Of Postum, and I felt distressed  
When I heard young men swear with zest.  
No one had heard me jeer or scoff  
With sacred words, till I tried golf.  
I know it does not help one's game;  
I know I ought to count it shame;  
I know it is unmanly; but  
When you have missed an eight inch putt,  
Or when, by lifting head, you top  
And gash a radiant new Dunlop,  
Or when you slice into the trees—  
Oh, then *non di non homines*  
Can wild and whirling words forbear.  
They say that of all men who swear  
The palm belongs to those who drive,  
That London cabbies can contrive  
(And now the taxi-men) to use  
Most cunning, rich, and strange abuse.  
But men who drive and then address,  
Not cabs, but little balls, possess  
Gifts that must rank them first of those  
Who talk to God about their woes.



## The First Play in Europe

By Gladys Wookey

WE have long known that Bernard Shaw is no longer ours. The world has claimed him. One nation vies with another to produce his last play. Some of them prize him for his mind; some because he is nearest and tenderest in spirit to their need. But none of them can know him as we do; for a great tragic wit is untranslatable. It is to London we must come to see justice done to the first play in Europe, Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* at the New Theatre with Sybil Thorndike as The Maid.

It is hard to decide why Sybil Thorndike seems the only possible Joan. Is it because the fire of the mystic, the imaginative genius, burns in her own veins? Or because of her rather husky peasant voice, very eager, appealing, coaxing; her wholesome vitality and flabbergasting habit of getting directly to business? But when one has said she is Shaw's Joan one has said everything.

As usual with Shaw, one begins by being interested—who wouldn't be in that altercation on eggs and bewitched hens—but one's attention is suddenly rivetted when Joan bobs confidently up the steps, calls the commander 'Robert', staggers him by her unconsciousness of differences either in sex or rank, floors him by her intimate knowledge of God's business—but more than all by something burning in her eyes greater than self. And this is a village conversation, in a possibly smelly soldiers' barracks, with a respectable villager who is to become a saint, and upon business which is the Lord's. Shaw has managed it—but what acting!

As the play progresses one sits tense, straining one's nerves to endure the dramatic situations. One could not bear the trial scene if it were not for Joan herself and her ignorance of heroics. Every device which Flecker uses in *Hassan* to score one's feelings, Shaw deliberately ignores, but the tragic poignancy of the emotion he evokes when Joan loses her faith in her good sense and her intuitions far surpasses any mere physical horror of her burning. One is left with a humble spirit as being in the presence of classical greatness—and with the consciousness that one's petty personal feelings are but dust on the highway of life.

Back in the second scene when Joan had grinningly discovered the Dauphin hiding among his courtiers, and dragged him aside to tell him his job, the following dialogue occurs:

Joan: . . . Thou must fight Charlie, whether thou will or no. I will go first to hearten thee. We must take our courage in both hands: aye, and pray for it with both hands too.

Charles: Oh do stop talking about God and praying . . . Isn't it bad enough to have to do it at the proper times?

Joan: 'Thou poor child, thou hast never prayed in thy life. I must teach thee from the beginning.

Charles: I am not a child. I am a grown man and a father and I will not be taught any more.

Joan: Aye, you have a little son . . . Would you not fight for him?

Charles: No: a horrid boy. He hates everybody, selfish little beast! I don't want to be bothered with children. I don't want to be a father and I don't want to be a son: especially a son of St. Louis. I don't want to be any of those fine things you all have your heads full of: I want to be just what I am. Why can't you mind your own business, and let me mind mine?

Joan: *Minding your own business is like minding your own body: it's the shortest way to make yourself sick. What's my business? Helping mother at home. What is thine? Petting lap-dogs and sucking sugar-sticks. I call that muck. I tell thee it is God's business we are here to do: not our own.* . . .

The italics are mine.

It is something bigger than either Shaw or Joan which speaks there. It is the growing disinclination of the age to thrust personal feelings before the business of civilization. It is this interpretation of human nature which gives Shaw his faith in the influence of one's ideas upon one's life, and enables him to write tragedy with greater poignancy than his contemporaries. The quotation will show that it is not done at the expense of the personality of his characters, their humanness. Nor are they puppets in his hand, or limited by their self-consciousness. No one could accuse either Joan or her Inquisitor of that; for knowing your own mind is not the same thing as self-consciousness. The usual accusation of preaching (as far as I can see, only taken seriously in English-speaking countries) must fall on deaf ears in this play.

Perhaps the managers on both sides the Atlantic who wanted to omit the epilogue and the conversations on nationalism, etc., showed that they neither knew their modern theatre, nor Shaw's real public. Why should wit or poetry be permitted in a conversation on the stage, but not intellect? Shakespeare gave his unsurpassable gifts of poetry quite indiscriminately to his characters, but because Shaw gives with both hands his great intellectual powers, he is called a propagandist. The fact of the matter is that in this play one has the rare good luck of listening to people endowed with Shaw's genius of mother wit and philosophic grasp of a colossal situation. Moreover they have enough acumen to be aware of what they are doing. As he says himself: 'It is the business of the stage to make its figures more intelligible to themselves than they would be in real life.' How then should this be didactic, undramatic, or inartistic? Surely a gradual integration of interests is giving us a saner conception of art and its relation to the other needs of civilization.

What is true of this play is true of his others, for Shaw has only changed in pushing further his same methods of characterization. One would venture to suggest that it is not he, but we, the audience,



who have changed, and ultimately his actors. We are accepting his analysis of life, and thinking his thoughts. So also it has been proved that there are actors who can penetrate behind a disquisition on the Feudal System to the subtleties of personality and the very active humanness which can prompt it. His ideas no longer shock either the actors, or the audience. Therefore we have begun to see him in his full stature of dramatist, and his characters, not as gigantic intelligences, but as profoundly human figures.

It would be ridiculous to suggest that this play differs from the others (and so pleases the public more) because, despite himself, traditions and our historical curiosity weave an atmosphere of romance throughout. If Joan and her judges did not shatter that opinion, the Epilogue would; for in it, he deliberately throws overboard all the advantages of romantic tragedy which lie to his hand, together with all recognized unities of time and place. In other words he re-shuffles his stage and brings most of his characters back to congratulate Joan the Saint on her late canonization (very late). Even a clerical gentleman in a frock-coat of 1920 cut comes in advance of his day to do the honours, and show the audience that Shaw is no respecter of their fond expectations of a well-regulated tragic ending. It must be the same Bernard Shaw, for he swings his play beyond a span of time and the mere limits of personality when he makes Joan cry with all the martyrs for civilization.

"O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?"

### I Wish It Had Rained All Day

By Phyllis Coate

I WISH it had rained all day.  
My eyes were set for grey,  
And grey my mood. I love  
Grey pillowed clouds above.  
I'd welcome back again  
The soft, grey slanting rain  
This new-washed afternoon.  
The sun came out too soon,  
And, breaking through the sky,  
Broke through the mood that I  
Had loved—broke all that grey.—  
I wish it had rained all day!

### The Bookshelf The Descending Philosopher\*

By R. M. MacIver

Mr. Babbitt has written a curious book. He is the Philosopher descending into the Cave, and he does not like the Cave. He has a classic dislike for what is modern. He does not like modern democracy. Neither does he like Walt Whitman, nor President Wilson, nor Freud. He does not like 'idealists' or 'humanitarians' or 'sentimentalists' or 'utilitarians'—they are all opponents of the 'higher will'. He does not like commercialism or labour-unionism. Even old Samuel Gompers seems to him a portent of modernity. He does like Aristotle and Burke and President Eliot of Harvard. We do not quarrel with his likes or dislikes. But we feel a little uncomfortable when from the altitude of the higher will he descends into the Cave. We wonder after all whether our Philosopher is wise in making the descent, whether perhaps it is not necessary to be born in the Cave if one is to understand it and prescribe for its denizens. Mr. Babbitt seems to have been born in the lucid interspace 'twixt world and world. He is curiously unhistorical. He thinks idealists like Rousseau and communists like Lenin make revolutions. He thinks that moral standards like Puritanism (which, as defined by himself in a rather unhistorical form, he upholds) make the age, not asking how the age too makes the moral standards. So his prescriptions seem also to be delivered in the void.

With these reservations Mr. Babbitt says some very good things. He has the happy art of framing antitheses, between Rousseau and Burke, between the romanticist and the constitutionalist, between the stoic and the humanitarian, between the unionist and the individualist. They are all antitheses between moral qualities of which Mr. Babbitt approves the one and condemns the other. Here, too, we have no quarrel with his personal judgments, taken as such. But it is irritating to find these partial and often abstract categories made the basis for sweeping assertions concerning great concrete movements of history or of thought which far transcend them.

One or two out of numerous examples may be cited. 'In the first place', asseverates Mr. Babbitt, 'the idea of service as now understood is not Christian. The Christian serves not man but God, and this service, as we learn from the Prayer Book, is "perfect freedom".' As comment we need only quote a saying even older than the Prayer Book: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren'. Again we are informed that 'the significant changes in our own national temper in particular [referring to the United States] are finally due to the fact that Protestant Christianity, especially in the Puritanic form, has been giving way to humanitarianism'. It

\**Democracy and Leadership*, by Irving Babbitt (Houghton Mifflin; pp. 349; \$3.00).



sounds impressive, but how little it tells us of the inner workings of the age, of the vast array of forces which have been changing men's lives and aspirations! Once more: 'The tendency for some time past has been to treat international law, not theoretically as an embodiment of reason, but positively as an embodiment of will. In that case, if international law is to reflect any improvement in the relations between states, it must be shown that the substitution of the popular will for the divine will has actually tended to promote ethical union among men even across national frontiers.' 'The substitution of the popular will for the divine will'—what an ironic ring that mighty phrase has for the student of the weary history of international imbroglios! And what, and where, we must ask our pontifical adviser, was the 'divine will' for which the poor modern 'popular will' thus seeks to be substituted?

### The Betrothed\*

Translations of books of a generation other than our own are always provocative of speculation. One queries immediately. 'Why?' Is it to introduce an author known only to his own countrymen, or to bring to the fore an unappreciated work of a writer of recognized merit? Is it the result of a whim of the translator who, through a basic congeniality with the author, has made of the translation a labour of love, or is the book itself one peculiarly harmonious with the times? With this particular translation, only the latter possibilities can be considered. Alessandro Manzoni as the leader of the Romantic movement in Italy in the 19th century needs no introduction to those who are familiar with European literatures and *I Promessi Sposi* has been described as the most interesting work after the *Divina Commedia* and *Orlando Furioso*, the most printed book in Italy and the most translated into the various tongues of Europe (D'Ovidio).

It first appeared in 1827 and was received with acclaim throughout Europe. Its popularity at that time is not difficult to understand. In 'genre' it is an historical romance of the type familiar to us in the Waverley novels. Manzoni employs Scott's useful fiction of the discovery of an old manuscript of the 17th century containing so romantic a series of episodes that he is impelled to re-write it for the benefit of his contemporaries. This subterfuge enables him to cloak his tale in quaint and romantic language and thus to invigorate the somewhat too graceful and fastidious prose of his time with the virile and colourful idioms of the 17th century. In this guise he tells a tale of two peasant lovers,

Lorenzo and Lucia, who, enmeshed in the crafty intrigues of nobles and the subtle plots of statesmen, are ultimately rescued and united through the good offices of the Church. It is in his vivid delineation and masterly analysis of Capuchin monk, village priest, and princely Cardinal that Manzoni appears in the role of exponent of the Neo-Catholicism of his day. One may surmise that it is this side of Manzoni which appeals most strongly to his translator, the Reverent Father Connor. And one must acknowledge that emphasis on Manzoni's interpretation of the potentialities of Catholicism is not inopportune. Like Papini, Manzoni was in his youth a vehement agnostic. In 1806, he expressed his grief that a friend should die 'confronted with the horrible apparition of a priest', but in 1828 he writes, 'the evident truth of Catholicity pervades and dominates my mind'. In this latter mood *I Promessi Sposi* was written. As a study of pure saintliness, a balanced harmony of sweetness and light, the portrayal of Cardinal Borromeo could hardly be excelled.

One cannot praise too highly Dr. Connor's spirited and felicitous, yet faithful and scholarly translation. So effortless is the flow of words, so apt the expression, so seemingly unconscious the harmony of speech and speaker that one forgets the art of the translator in the charm of the tale. He has utilized many phrases and idioms of 17th century English which lend a quaintness and picturesqueness, a romantic and adventurous air well suited to the tale. But perhaps his greatest achievement is the preservation in the translation of the delicate satire and ironic laughter which pervades the whole book and is Manzoni's greatest charm.

### A Peter Pan of Criticism\*

On first entering Mr. Guedalla's gallery of portraits, one feels that he is a gifted and oddly mature young stylist with an affected detachment and an unaffected conceit. His sang-froid breaks when he is confronted by the agitating subject of a Labour Premier, and he concludes his unsatisfying sketch of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald by protesting that he 'can never forget' that George Lansbury once accused Max Beerbohm of bad taste; while his naïve conceit is most apparent in the last line of his appreciation of Lord Rosebery. But as one progresses on the round of clever and tiresomely mannered studies, one is slowly permeated by a conviction that Mr. Guedalla is an old, old man. One gradually forms a picture of him more tragic than any of his portraits—the picture of an octogenarian who refuses to recognize his age, desperately striving to keep abreast of the latest recurring surge of youth.

*The Betrothed\* (I Promessi Sposi), A Milanese Story of the 17th Century, by Alessandro Manzoni, translated by Daniel J. Connor (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xix+666; \$3.50).*

\**A Gallery, by Philip Guedalla (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 285; \$3.00).*



He has been hailed by Mr. Gosse as 'the son of Ariel and the nephew of Puck', but one feels it would be more appropriate to use a simile he is himself apparently fond of and dub him the Peter Pan of Criticism.

For the surprising truth is that this aged Mr. Guedalla has never really grown up. That is why his mellow style strikes one as an incongruous medium for the expression of a nature still immature. Never having grown up, his spirit is constantly returning to the period of his youth—the time of the Second Empire apparently—and one finds in his gallery many eminent Victorians, ranging from Kipling to Lord Morley. At heart a Tory, he is haunted (like many another nice old gentleman) by Gladstone. He does not seem aware that that venerable wood-cutter long since joined Queen Anne in the shades. But those who will make allowance for the little oddities and affectations of senescence may derive quiet enjoyment from his studied sketches, bright on occasion with happy touches—Galsworthy's characters, for instance, of 'that concave type which appears to have been designed to meet the impact of disaster'. Mr. Guedalla has appreciated Wells and placed Arnold Bennett with nice precision; he can recognize the master in Hardy, but he has not penetrated to the man in Shaw. He has, in fact, strict limitations, and it is just, though ironic, that the extremely urban yet superficial sophistication of his art is doomed to be most highly esteemed in suburban homes.

#### Another Hamsun\*

This play, the middle one of Hamsun's dramatic trilogy (1895-1898) leaves his admirers glad that the author returned to the novel. It is undoubtedly his true medium of expression. For, after all, the greater part of the story in all Hamsun's work is lonely soliloquy, slow wearing-down of spirit in long trappings through field and forest. And the modern stage does not permit of soliloquy, nor admit of silent, brooding, outdoor walks. Hamsun's method is not one of swift action nor rapier dialogue. There is always clash, conflict, but the vital conflict for him is always in the solitude of the soul and when it comes in the contact of the protagonists it is most likely to seethe inarticulately through the moody sullenness of a wordless dinner. Or the progress of the struggle will be obscurely revealed in a series of petty remarks on some trivial matter of domestic management, the digging of a well, the repair of an outbuilding. His method is too much that of life for the frequent focus to appeal to him.

As a consequence, when he does use the technique of the stage, Hamsun surrenders the sureness

of touch that is never-failing in the novels. Forced to rely on dialogue and action, he tends now to be diffuse, now to be hectic, and all the time crowded.

The scene is laid in the city, which inevitably introduces a note of bitter hardness into any of Hamsun's work. On the whole, this drama of the attempt on the part of a woman whose youth has fled to seize and retain love, with the consequent wreckage of her own and others' lives, while powerful and compelling, as anything tragic of Hamsun's, must be, is not one that will rank him among the great dramatists.

#### Two Plays by St. John Ervine\*

Those who have seen *Jane Clegg* acted can testify that it is an excellent stage play, but as a book it illustrates in a very interesting manner the line which may sometimes be drawn between effective drama and literature. The reader finds the issues of the piece over-simplified, the characters grotesquely over-emphasized, and the dialogue burdened again and again with whole pages of mere 'business'—business of saying good-night to the children, business of offering chair to a visitor. On the other hand, the vital parts of the dialogue express nothing by literary means. They afford an opportunity for acting, but that is all.

*Jane Clegg*: When are you going?

*Henry Clegg*: [With a great effort.] Tomorrow.

*Jane Clegg*: Tomorrow! . . . [She puts her sewing down, and looks steadily in front of her. Henry Clegg gets up and begins to pace the room.] I suppose that was why you were so anxious that I should pay the money to Mr. Morrison tonight. If he'd gone to Mr. Harper this evening you might have been arrested before you had time to get away?

*Henry Clegg*: Yes.

*Jane Clegg*: You tried to kiss me? . . . Oh! Oh! You Judas!

*The Lady of Belmont* takes up the lives of Portia, Bassanio, and their circle ten years after the famous trial. A little fun is extracted from the way in which romance and danger lose their gloss in retrospect. The humour is soon exhausted, however, and the two interesting characters of Portia and Shylock make insufficient amends for an atmosphere of intrigue which is rather Fletcheresque than Shakespearean. Whether this is a play for the stage or for readers we are undecided, but native optimism inclines us to the belief that it would be much better on the stage.

\**Jane Clegg*, a play in three acts; (pp. 112; \$1.50); *The Lady of Belmont*, a play in five acts; (pp. 95; \$1.50) Macmillans in Canada.

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\**In the Grip of Life*, by Kunt Hamsun (Knopf; pp. 158; \$2.00).



### Poetry

**Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks**, collected and edited by Roland P. Gray (Harvard University Press; pp. 191; \$2.50).

This interesting collection is divided into four parts. The last two groups, 'Historical Ballads and Songs' and 'Main Broad-sides', while of real value to the student of folk-song, have little connection with the lumberjacks, who apparently neither composed nor sang them. The real songs of the woods are in the first two groups, 'Songs of the Lumberjacks' and 'Old Ballads and Other Pieces'. Several of the shanty songs are of very wide distribution, notably 'The Jam at Gerry's Rock', which is probably sung wherever a timber limit is cut over, in Canada or the United States. The local ones are local only in names. In feeling, in incident, in expression they are typical of the songs, at any rate of the printable songs, which were formerly sung in our own Ontario woods, until the native-born shantymen were in large measure displaced by the men of Finland and Sweden and Poland, who know the axe, but not the songs of Zion.

The collection is not to be compared in comprehensiveness with Lomax' *Cowboy Songs*, probably because much less material was available. Nor does it include any music. This is to be regretted. To be sure, the melodies of such of the songs as are not sung to well-known airs, are often monotonous and thin, but a song without music is a weak and widowed thing, a half-thing at best. Still, the folklorist, and the man in whom stir memories, personal or handed down, of axe and saw, of peavy and decking line, will be grateful to Professor Gray for this volume.

**Select Poems of Lord de Tabley**, edited by John Drinkwater, (Oxford; pp. 201; \$1.10).

The excellent introduction by Mr. Drinkwater attempts to find the link between this 'Minor' Victorian and his age, and to analyze his individual gift. It succeeds well in both directions and one cannot do better than quote it:

The distinction of phrase which can have but one source abounds, and if his world is rather a remote and bookish one he nevertheless often touches it to poetic reality. In minute and yet always interesting realization of the details of natural beauty he is hardly equalled by any poet of his age with the exception, perhaps, of Tennyson sometimes. And there are moreover, occasions when he can move us by the greater things of the imagination.

**The Poet's Life of Christ**, compiled, arranged, and decorated by Norman Ault (Oxford; pp. 275; 7/6).

This little book maintains, for a subject-anthology, an unusually high literary level. There is no trash in it and there is a great deal of very good but not too often quoted poetry. This is the more re-

markable when the nature of the subject matter is considered. Mr. Ault has found in the old ballads and plays, and the volumes of lyrics of the seventeenth century the bulk of what is most interesting in his book. Probably every one feels nearer in feeling to these than to the Victorian poets whom he also quotes fairly freely. The pity is that more room could not be found for the contemporary verse. Did laws of copyright prevent the inclusion of Masefield's impressive picture of Calvary, and of Doughty's most tender story of the Nativity?

### Fiction

**A Passage to India**, by E. M. Forster (Longmans; pp. 325; \$2.00).

Years ago I took a seat in 'The Celestial Omnibus', under the conductorship of E. M. Forster. That ride was so full of interest and novel impressions that it was impossible to doubt that the adventurous chariot driven by Mr. Forster would travel far and high. The forecast has since been fulfilled. A succession of brilliant flights, with no Icarian disaster, has given Mr. Forster a following of eager passengers. His latest flight is his most daring and brilliant. It is a novel that deals with the vexed question of the British raj in India. To those who still believe in the divinely appointed mission of the British race to multiply and replenish the earth, the book will be extremely distasteful. The Anglo-Indian official is not presented as a romantic miracle of tact, efficiency, and resourcefulness, adored by the Indian villager, but in a more truthful, if less flattering light of gentle irony. The same ironic frankness plays about the educated Indian.

'Nothing enrages Anglo-India more than the lantern of reason if it is exhibited for one moment after its extinction is decreed.' Mr. Forster's novel deals with a curious and interesting situation in which the struggle between herd-emotion and the mind that views facts dispassionately is wrought up to a crisis that ends in a tragi-comedy. In construction and style, apart from the absorbing interest of the subject-matter, the book is a joy; it is the best thing Mr. Forster has yet done.

**Rosemary, A Collection**, compiled by F. de Burgh and Walter Stoneman, (Sampson Low; pp. xx+235; 7/6).

Rosemary is a diversified collection of short stories, poems, and odd bits of philosophy from the pens of twenty-one representative English authors. The collection is published by the 'Not Forgotten' Association to supplement their funds, and the proceeds will be used to bring entertainment and extra comforts to the twenty thousand casualties of the war who are still under treatment in British hospitals. Many books of this nature have been published, yet none has a better claim on our generosity



and although the war-victims who will benefit are not Canadians they are none the less our men. But no book need rely for success on its *raison d'être* when its list of contributors includes the names of Galsworthy, Bennett, Chesterton, de la Mare, and Compton Mackenzie, and *Rosemary* should win popularity on its own merits. It is not invidious to say that it would make an excellent gift to one's younger relations, for a book of this kind is admirably suited to bring them in touch with a score of the best writers and introduce them to congenial authors whom they might otherwise go long without finding. There is a fighting yarn by Conan Doyle in his early (and better) manner that is as good as any of his other *Tales of Ring and Camp*; and we found reprinted here one of the best stories that John Buchan has ever written, *The Lemnian*. This is the tale of Atta, the Islander, who chanced upon three hundred of his hereditary enemies, the Hellenes, on the eve of their battle with the hordes of the Eastern King, and whose pride of birth and race drove him to refuse the safe conduct they offered him and to fight and die instead by their side on the reddened sands of Thermopylae.

**A Man in the Zoo**, by David Garnett, (Macmillan; pp. 93; \$1.50).

It goes without saying that no second book like *Lady into Fox* could possibly be written; yet the author has attempted something dangerously like a parallel to it in *A Man in the Zoo*, and inevitably he disappoints our very high expectations. In the first place, the initial situation is not adequately motivated—the lady was turned into a fox by miracle, and we were content, but the man is caged and exhibited at the Zoo because of eccentricities in his character which almost pass belief. Again, the suffering of the humans in this case is nothing worse than bruised pride, with little in it either poignant or pathetic.

Nevertheless, the story is full of charm and distinction. The quaint and rather mannered style of *Lady into Fox* is replaced by a clear simplicity of utterance very like some strains of W. H. Hudson. The power of giving individuality to his animal characters has not forsaken Mr. Garnett. The old irony reappears; and the slight shiver, half of fear, half romance, with which we recognize our blood-relationship with animals, passes along our veins.

#### Miscellaneous

**The Right Place**, by C. E. Montague (Chatto & Windus, pp. 225).

In this, his latest work, Mr. Montague pleads 'having to make some undiplomatic admissions of full satisfaction with certain contents of life on the earth'. Those who have read *Disenchantment* and *Fiery Particles* may think or guess that *The Right Place* is a shell-hole in Flanders, or a Galway bog, but they will be wrong. The time has not yet come for 'a

grasshopper, such as the writing of a little book, to become a burden' to Mr. Montague. Now is the hind let loose in happy freedom to roam from the Pennines to the Po and to give goodly words from a well-stored mind. To vary the metaphor according to the author's whim 'a dog of parts cannot always be accumulating mere odoriferous data, mere isolated and disparate facts; some elements of a philosophy must emerge; some rude culture, some infant critical system'.

So, mingled with the odoriferous data of this delightful book, one savours the salt of an optimistic philosophy of life, a culture that is never obtrusive.

The re-issue in Canada by Mr. Gundy of one of Mr. Montague's earlier books, *A Hind Let Loose*, suggests that the critical overbears the constructive element in the writer's mind. No one can tell a story, especially an Irish story, more inimitably. No one can make a figure start up alive with such vigorous and effective pen-strokes. Yet for all that, Mr. Montague's pedigree goes back to the days of 'gifted nostrils'. He is of the line of Addison, Lamb, and E. V. Lucas. God or heredity made him an essayist for our delight, and for what we have received we are truly thankful.

**The Garden of Folly**, by Stephen Leacock (Gundy pp. 282; \$2.00).

Mr. Leacock has picked Advertising this time as the target for his wit. It is one that offers a wide mark to the humorist, and consequently he has been careless in his shooting, which is fast and wild. He cannot help but register hits, but he makes few bull's-eyes. Remembering his pretty work at other butts, we fear that easy success is having this evil effect upon him, and we would ask him to stop and reflect ere it is too late. As an expert in advertising, does he really believe that he can get away with it? Is it good business to glut his market? Is it a paying proposition in the end to fill orders hastily with goods that are not up to standard? It is not. He will have to pull up his socks soon, if he is not careful, and spend the remnant of an embittered life in the restricted circle of a college professor, forgotten by the live people who once welcomed him as a wit. After



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reading his chapter on whiskers we feel that the trouble is, perhaps, Samsonian—that he once had a beard himself and has shaved it. In the best passage in the book he says of college presidents, 'Remove the whiskers and you remove the man. The whole stature and appearance of him shrink. His shoulders contract: his frame diminishes: his little bowler hat swallows and envelops his trivial skull.' We would recommend Mr. Leacock to put away his razor and 'tarry at Jericho until his beard be grown.'

**The Little Children's Bible** (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii+105; 45c).

**The Children's Bible** (Macmillans in Canada; pp. ix+278; 90c).

The editors of these volumes, Alexander Nairne, Arthur Quiller-Couch, and T. R. Glover, give in a finely readable form the very heart of the Bible as we should like our children to find it first. In the smaller volume the narrative (following the Authorised Version) is arranged as the Story of Christmas, Stories that Jesus would learn from his Mother, the Baptism, Kind Deeds of Jesus, Stories told by Jesus, the Death and Resurrection of Jesus. At the end of the volume there are two lyrical sections: God the Father and His World, and the New Heaven and the New Earth. The volume for older children contains, in addition to a fuller narrative, more of the teaching of Jesus, and more of the Psalms, which the editors very happily call the Song-Books of the Lord Jesus.

There can be nothing but praise for both little books. There is no re-writing of the Bible, but by selection and arrangement the editors are able to give the children a most attractive book. All the terrors of infinitesimal print and funeral black bindings are removed; the arbitrary division into verses, and the confusion between poetry and prose of the Authorised Version no longer put stumbling-blocks in the way of intelligent reading; the grouping of passages makes it possible for a child to read the book straight through with quick interest.

**Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland and Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides**, edited by R. W. Chapman (Oxford; pp. ix+511; \$4.00).

**The Diary of a Country Parson: The Reverend James Woodforde, 1758-1781**, edited by John Beresford (Oxford; pp. ix+364; \$4.00).

Johnson and Boswell together cannot fail to make good reading, and Mr. Chapman did well to bring them together again in this volume. Both journals are human documents of fine interest. The editing is just enough to intensify this interest. Of notable excellence is the subject-index, arranged logically instead of alphabetically. Mr. Beresford's task on the other hand has been to make dry bones live. Perhaps all diaries are valuable to historians. Certainly the Reverend James Woodforde was a most conservative recorder of the daily events of a not very var-

ied life. Of vital interest in affairs there is very little, of literary criticism none, of humane reflection or personal revelation not a jot. What remains is a faithful narrative, and as such it must be duly commended.

**The Freedom of the Seas, in History, Law, and Politics**, by Pitman B. Potter (Longman's; pp. xv+299; \$1.50).

Dr. Pitman B. Potter, Associate Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin, has rewritten his Harvard doctor's thesis which, in its original form, consisted of a critical examination of the works of Grotius and Selden. It now appears in book form with the emphasis transferred from historical to legal material with special attention to the political problems involved.

Dr. Potter traces with minute care the history of the question of the freedom of the seas, the international law defining it, and the political problems connected with it. There is a good and serviceable index and a bibliography which is somewhat crude in its sense of proportion. It is quite amusing to find a list of Latin and Greek classical authors included among the necessary technical works. On the other hand, the footnotes are excellent, showing wide reading, historical insight, and critical ability. We miss a reference to Page's *Letters* in connection with Colonel House.

Dr. Potter's work suffers almost necessarily from the fact of its origins. It is heavy, detached, and ponderous. To any one, however, interested in a subject still liable to arouse passions and undoubtedly full of volcanic matter in the possible tragedy of another war, we recommend Dr. Potter's book as method. Dr. Potter can confidently hope for fields cold, objective, and judicial. He writes in a singularly calm and detached manner, and he has done a piece of research which entitles us to look with interest for more mature work from his pen. The nature of the present subject has been a handicap. Having, however, shown himself well trained in which will lend themselves better to creative interpretation.



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## Trade and Industry Business Forecasting in Canada: II.

By G. E. Jackson

PROFESSOR MICHELL'S system of Business Forecasting is by this time pretty well known to a large number of Canadian business men. His forecast is published monthly in more than one daily newspaper, and in the chief financial newspapers as well. More fully, perhaps, than anywhere else, it is explained in detail in the *Monetary Times* of June 20th, 1924, whose files should be consulted by the reader wishing to study Business Forecasting in Canada.

Some of the keenest minds in the United States have been attracted by Professor Michell's work, and it has secured recognition, e.g. by the Federal Reserve Bulletin, a periodical which for obvious reasons confines its attention to the things that matter. But so far as I am aware, although the system has been widely discussed in Canada, there has so far been no serious attempt in this country to make a scientific appraisal of its value.

This is, of course, only to be expected; for a good deal of preliminary study must be undertaken before the critic is in a position to appreciate either the strong points, or the possible elements of weakness, in Professor Michell's system.

The forecast itself consists of two parts; first of all, the presentation of the facts of the case, through the lens that its author has devised (and this takes the form of a chart containing three curves, which the reader is called upon to interpret in the light of his own understanding); secondly, an explanatory paragraph or two, containing Professor Michell's own estimate of the month's developments.

Of the latter, little need here be said; but that little is eminently necessary. Professor Michell's own judgments of the situation have been almost uniformly reliable for several years past. The captious critic may claim not untruthfully that in a majority of cases the dominant conditions have been fairly obvious—that there has been no need for a scientific apparatus, during the last three years, to show that the immediate future was not very rosy. Nor can the point be denied. During most of this time the rule-of-thumb expert, when he has resisted the temptation to tell the public comfortable things, has been an equally safe guide. But the designer of this system has one *coup* to his credit which establishes definitely his claim to superior foresight and differentiates him sharply from the rule-of-thumb practitioner. At the end of March, 1920, when prices

had been rising steadily for twenty-four years, and for five years practically continuously, he made public a prophecy that prices would break in the following May, and that the break would usher in a long period of falling prices.

So sharply did this forecast run counter to recent experience that a number of people expressed themselves privately to the writer of this page, to the effect that Professor Michell had no right to stake his reputation on an off-chance of this kind, which might, indeed, occur, but was most unlikely to do so. Neither for his own sake, nor for that of the public, said these critics, should he have permitted himself to talk in such a strain; and, if this had indeed been a bow drawn at a venture, as it must have seemed to some of them, we may readily concede that such a forecast would deservedly have been rated, in downright English, as a plain piece of folly. But the essence of the situation was that Professor Michell had not drawn a bow at a venture. He did not *think* that prices would break in May. *He felt a reasonable certainty* that the break would come then; and he was quite capable of stating his reasons, in black and white, to anyone who possessed at the same time the knowledge and the patience necessary for understanding them.

Prices were rising in March. They continued to rise in April. They were rising in the first week, and again in the second week of May. Everything in the wholesale markets was as merry as the proverbial marriage bell. With each rise in prices, a given parcel of goods became more and more adequate as a collateral for bank advances, and further purchases seemed to be warranted. The consumer was indeed unhappy. But the producer and the middleman were both of them 'in clover'.

Then the break came; a break which destroyed collateral, compelled the restriction of bank loans, produced a mass of 'frozen credits', forced hundreds of businesses to the wall in Canada, thousands in the United States. It fulfilled the Michell prophecy with a regrettable promptitude; and many millions of dollars were lost that might, in large part, at any rate, have been saved, had the jeremiad of March been seriously considered, instead of being censured out of hand.

On what was this forecast based? Professor Michell, like his readers, is conditioned and limited by the facts presented in his charts. On the relation of these facts to one another, from November, 1919, to March, 1920, he formed his judgment. The method selected for their presentation, together with the sources from which they are taken, will be considered, in the November issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM.



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